

Américas





Américas

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Midwest farmer surveys his cattle in region later swept by flood costing a billion dollars in property damage, crop and livestock losses. Photograph courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture

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Dear Reader

The Inter-American Cultural Council, which will hold its first meeting in Mexico City beginning September 10, will not carry on its activities in the realm of abstractions or of good and guileless desires. The statement of its purpose in the OAS Charter itself is deceptively innocuous, when it calls upon the Council to "promote friendly relations and mutual understanding among the American peoples . . . through the promotion of educational, scientific, and cultural exchange."

From these words it would appear to be an almost ornamental superstructure for the friendship among Hemisphere peoples that is based on more positive and concrete foundations—geographical, political, or economic. But this is not the case. The greatest difficulty encountered in solving the political, juridical, and economic problems of America is due to the tremendous distances between our diverse forms of culture. And as long as those cultures do not recognize, understand, and respect each other, all the other acts of inter-American cooperation—treaties of collective security, commercial exchange, agreements on common action, or loans—cannot build friendship among the peoples or improve their neighborly relations.

We must acknowledge that in this field, instead of gaining, we have lost ground since the beginning of our lives as independent nations. Each country, struggling with its own affairs, became isolationist. By the beginning of this century America was an archipelago of neighbors indifferent to one another, if not hostile. It had lost the channels of cultural exchange that made possible, for example, the phenomenon of an almost simultaneous revolution for independence throughout Spanish America, in an era that had neither roads nor travelers. The Inter-American Cultural Council's job is to reopen the lost channels and explore new ways to bring peoples closer. It must educate three hundred million Americans to live together. It will have to wipe out, as far as possible, any difference that implies inferiority—illiteracy, for example. At the same time it must exalt and preserve any difference that represents a prominent and vigorous characteristic of a nationality or culture, instead of attempting to make America a monotonous continent where everything is identical, dull, without relief or individuality. The job will begin, therefore, with a careful examination of what must be eliminated as a mark of a lack of culture and what must be preserved as an element of authentic culture.

The Inter-American Cultural Council is perhaps the first government organization to deal with these problems within the vast sphere of OAS activities. For sixty-one years the Pan American Union has carried on exemplary work within the limits of its very modest resources, but we cannot say that this represented a plan of action of the American governments. Hundreds of resolutions approved at various inter-American conferences quite haphazardly gave the Pan American Union a variety of functions, all with the same aim of stimulating cultural relations among the peoples, but some more important than others. Now the Inter-American Cultural Council has an opportunity to review what has been done and give our nations' intellectual cooperation a practical, effective, and orderly direction. This is why it is so important that this new OAS organ, the last provided for in the Charter, is getting under way.


Secretary General

Opposite: Composition painted especially for AMÉRICAS in encaustic, wax medium, by Guatemalan artist Roberto Ossaye

CONTRIBUTORS



Great-grandson of a Peruvian independence leader, LUIS ANTONIO EGUIGUREN, who wrote "Teacher to a Continent," is one of the country's most distinguished citizens. Once mayor of Lima and president of the Constituent Congress, he ran for President in 1936. In 1945, he was elected a justice of the Supreme Court. A former journalist, he edited the old daily *Ahora*. During the war Dr. Eguiguren was a radio commentator, offering Peruvian listeners his views on post-war problems. Currently he is head of a commission that is editing the history of San Marcos University, some of whose venerable past he discusses in this issue.

CARLOS VIEA, a leading Argentine musicologist and folklorist, gathers his information in the field, traveling extensively in the remote interiors of the countries whose music he writes about in "Voices of the South." Born in Cañuelas, Buenos Aires Province, fifty-three years ago, he studied harmony under distinguished Argentine musicologist Gilardo Gilardi. Today a folklore technician at the Institute of Argentine Literature's school of philosophy and letters, he is editor of an immense publishing project—*Frasesología Musical*, an annotated index of musical patterns. Dr. Vega is also known for his authoritative surveys of Argentine dances and songs, *Danzas y Canciones Argentinas*, and *Panorama de la Música Popular Argentina*.



After a hot summer week in New York haunting the Broadway-Radio City area for information, AMERICAS assistant editor WALLACE B. ALIG came up with "Starring José Ferrer." A graduate of Princeton, where the Ferrer idyll is University legend, Iowa-born Mr. Alig started out in journalism as an editor of *The Daily Princetonian*. Since then, he has been an editor and writer for the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and his articles have appeared in various newspapers and magazines in the United States and abroad. Widely traveled, he has visited over fifty countries, and in his spare time is under contract to the publishing firm of Farrar, Straus, and Young for a mystery story.

FROM THE DAY the Kaw first started going wild, reporter ROGER S. SWANSON helped cover for his paper, *The Kansas City Star*, the flood he writes about in "Disaster Strikes the Midlands."

Besides flying over it with army engineers, he combed the ravaged area by land. Born and reared in "the sunflower state," Mr. Swanson attended Missouri University and won his degree at Kansas State College. He spent two years in Panama during World War II with the Air Force public information service, making frequent sallies to Guatemala City, Havana, Salinas, Ecuador, and Talara, Peru. Altogether, the twenty-six-year-old newshawk has visited nine Latin American countries.



Born in Washington, D. C., in 1903, MERCER COOK, author of "Mountains and Manuscripts," started traveling three weeks later. His parents took him to London, where the family lived for three years, and then to Berlin. He got his A.B. in 1925 from Amherst College, which awarded him a John Woodruff Simpson Fellowship for a year's study in Paris. Next came teaching stints at Howard and Atlanta Universities, which were interrupted for graduate work at Brown (where he got his Ph.D. in 1936), the University of Paris, and the University of Havana. Returning from Paris in 1938, he visited Martinique, Guadeloupe, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. In 1943 the U.S. Office of Education sent Dr. Cook to Haiti as supervisor of the English-Teaching Project, a post he left two years later to become professor of Romance languages at Howard University. Last year the State Department sent him back to Haiti on a three-month lecture tour, and this September he is off again to France as a special guest of the French Government and a Fulbright Fellow. His books include *Portraits Américains*, *Five French Negro Authors*, *Haitian-American Anthology*, and *Education in Haiti*, and he recently edited *An Introduction to Haiti* (published by the Pan American Union).



JAMES H. WEBB, JR., Public Affairs Officer of the U.S. Embassy in Tegucigalpa, has personally taken many of the trips he describes in "Walk This Way." While they do not consider themselves professional hikers, he and Mrs. Webb have scaled some sizable volcanoes in Central America, and worn out considerable shoe leather on less ambitious expeditions. Mr. Webb holds degrees from the University of Virginia (his home state) and George Washington University. Before joining the Foreign Service in 1943, he did newspaper work, taught school, and, during what he considers five of the most interesting years of his life, traveled through the United States with a small circus.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.



DISASTER

STRIKES THE MIDLANDS

Roger S. Swanson

EARLY JULY is normally dry on the rolling plains of the fertile river valleys in Kansas and Missouri, the hot summer sun pouring its energy on endless fields of rippling wheat and staunch corn. To industrious farmers of the U.S. midlands the clear skies and bright sunshine give promise of vast food crops to feed a nation and a world.

Rains of April, May, and early June nourish the grain to its ripening stage, and in July the need is for hot days of continuing sun that toast the grain to a golden brown and burst the tassels into bloom on a billion corn-stalks. After thousands of men have combed the ripe fields with modern combines, the grain is shipped to the nation's heartland metropolis, Kansas City, where it is stored in huge cylindrical concrete elevators to await processing and later shipment. To the center of the high plains also come fat Hereford and Shorthorn cattle to be traded in the sprawling Kansas City stockyards.

Until early June of 1951, the region's farmers and grain and cattle men in Kansas City looked forward to a near-bumper harvest. There had been adequate rain, and the wheat and corn were developing in fine fashion. But this year the rains did not taper off.

It rained every day in June in Kansas and in Missouri. The fretful farmers looked to black-clouded skies and worried. None of them could recall a June as wet as this. Some remembered the summer of 1903, when rains produced a big flood, and warily commented that it was much wetter now. Rivers in the lengthy Missouri valley began to rise—the Kaw (or Kansas), the Neosho, the Marais des Cygnes, the Blue, and the mighty Missouri itself, known as the "Big Muddy" because of its swirling, murky, treacherous waters.

It was almost impossible to believe there was so much rain. In Manhattan, Kansas, it rained seven inches in a few hours one day the last week in June. Amounts of

from five to ten inches on several different days in the same week were not uncommon in the Kansas towns of Lawrence, Marion, Salina, Abilene, and Topeka, the state capital. In Missouri, too, the rains continued at Pattonsburg, Richmond, St. Joseph, Jefferson City, and in Independence, home town of President Truman.

The few dams and reservoirs designed to hold back excessive rain could not begin to contain the vast amount of water. It ran off, first into the creeks, then to the streams and on to the rivers.

What was causing all this rain? The weather bureau explained it was the result of a static mass of humid air which did not move out of the Kansas-Missouri area. Normally the rain pattern moves from west to east in the region. But this rain-producing atmosphere stayed where it was for a month and a half.



Desperate refugees in Topeka, Kansas, apply for help from Red Cross, which cared for 22,000 people in 82 shelters

Then the first of the disastrous floods began. Among the towns hit first—and worst—by the swollen streams were Manhattan and Council Grove, Kansas.

Manhattan, the home of Kansas State College, was half covered by racing torrents of the Kaw. In Council Grove, the unfettered currents of the Neosho inundated the entire town except for a high bank, where virtually all of the community's 2,300 residents huddled helplessly and watched the destruction of their homes and businesses. As tributary streams swelled the Kaw River, it was choked as it moved eastward across eastern Kansas to its confluence with the Missouri at Kansas City.

On July 12, 1951, the Kaw stood at nearly thirty-eight feet in Topeka. Smashing through a dike protecting the suburb of North Topeka, it roared into thousands of homes. Ten thousand homeless had to be housed in the municipal auditorium and school buildings. The rampant stream, named for a tribe of Indians, tore apart two Topeka bridges, then swirled on to the east, inundating the town of Lawrence, where the University of Kansas is located. But the worst was yet to come.



All that was left of one of Kansas City's drugstores. Drug firms replaced free any of their products destroyed in the flood

The point where the Kaw River joins the turbulent Missouri is bisected by the Kansas-Missouri state boundary, running north and south. At this confluence is Greater Kansas City, seventeenth city in the United States, with a population of nine hundred thousand.

Covering about 140 square miles, metropolitan Kansas City includes Kansas City, Missouri; Kansas City, Kansas; Independence and North Kansas City, Missouri; and Johnson County, Kansas, a suburban area. Spanish American students have compared it to Rosario, Argentina. Both cities are in the heart of prosperous agricultural regions; both have huge grain storage centers and stockyards, and the two municipalities lie at approximately the same distance from the equator.

Kansas City residents had anxiously followed news reports of the floods upstream, but did not become alarmed. The flood of 1903 had covered the city's industries and rail yards, but steps had been taken to prevent a recurrence of such a disaster. High levees and concrete floodwalls had been built to withstand a river crest of thirty-six feet on the Kaw, which flows through Kansas City, Kansas, and one of forty feet on the Missouri, which bisects Kansas City, Missouri. Certainly no flood could ever touch Kansas City. The river had never been known to rise as high as the floodwalls.

There was no indication the night of July 12 that the high water would get out of bounds. Most of the urban residents went to bed feeling safe because of their flood protection and thankful that they would not suffer the fate of their neighbors upstream on the Kaw.

On the morning of Friday, July 13, a day that has come to be known as Black Friday, they awoke to havoc. Floodwaters of the Kaw had burst the dikes and smashed into the industrial districts of Armourdale, a meat-packing center, and Argentine, an oil refinery and railroad terminal. In these districts, twenty thousand people were made homeless, the muddy currents of the Kaw smashing their houses to timber piles. Many dwellings floated away, brick business buildings collapsed,

store merchandise was ruined, huge oil storage tanks were torn loose and carted away by the torrents as if they were toys.

Still the Kaw rose. It choked the Missouri, already high above its normal stage. With two of Kansas City's industrial districts and one residential area wrecked, about ten o'clock that Black Friday morning the Kaw smashed over a floodwall and poured its devastation on a third manufacturing and distributing region, the central industrial district.

This is the rich industrial center that includes the Kansas City stockyards, second largest in the United States. The racing currents rushed over rail and motor car viaducts into stock pens, into the Livestock Exchange building, nerve center of the stockyards, and into twelve packing plants. Six thousand hogs and five thousand cattle and sheep were drowned.

Most of the thirty thousand people at work in the central industrial district ran or sped in their automobiles to safety. They had had brief warning of the flood and managed to escape with their lives. Some were only able to scamper to second or third floors of buildings, beyond reach of the floodwaters. They were rescued by boats operated by the police and the fire departments. But not all escaped. When the floodwaters receded later, several bodies were found amid the ruins.

Hundreds of motor cars and trucks were trapped by the flood, and valuable machinery was ruined by silt and debris.

This third inundation of a Kansas City industrial area was not the last. On July 14, the Kaw River reached a forty-foot crest and the Missouri rose to thirty-six feet. Before the two rivers began to recede they

combined to smash still another levee and pour into the newest of Kansas City's industrial regions—the vital Fairfax district. Here one of the largest motor-car plants in the nation turns out Buicks, Oldsmobiles, and Pontiacs. This district also produces glass, biscuits, insulation, paper cups, farm machinery, and motor oil.

At the airport in Fairfax water stood ten feet deep, and it was twelve feet deep in the motor car plant. With the flooding of Fairfax the inundation of Kansas City reached its peak. Then began the herculean effort to recover from the worst flood in U.S. history.

On Sunday, July 15, when the rains suddenly stopped, the city surveyed its loss. More than twenty-five thousand persons homeless. Nearly fifty thousand forced out of jobs, washed out by the flood. Property damage of one billion dollars. Everywhere in the flood-stricken industrial areas were scenes of destruction—boxcars piled up like a wreck on a child's electric train; buildings leaning askew; animal carcasses floating in stagnant waters; motor cars overturned; homes and business structures collapsed; highways and streets shattered; rail tracks twisted and torn.

More than one million rich acres of farmland had been flooded, the crops ruined at a time when the whole world needs food badly. There would be no bumper crops this year in Kansas or downstream in Missouri, where the flood raged after it passed Kansas City.

Then, on Friday afternoon, fire broke out at a big oil storage center and burned continuously for a hundred hours. When it was finally subdued by firemen who had to wade waist deep in floodwaters to fight the roaring oil flames, seven city blocks and a score of businesses had been burned out.

(Continued on page 39)

Kansas City industrial area, where people were rescued by boat from second-story windows. At left is the Missouri at highest stage on record.



Peru's

University

of San Marcos

looks back

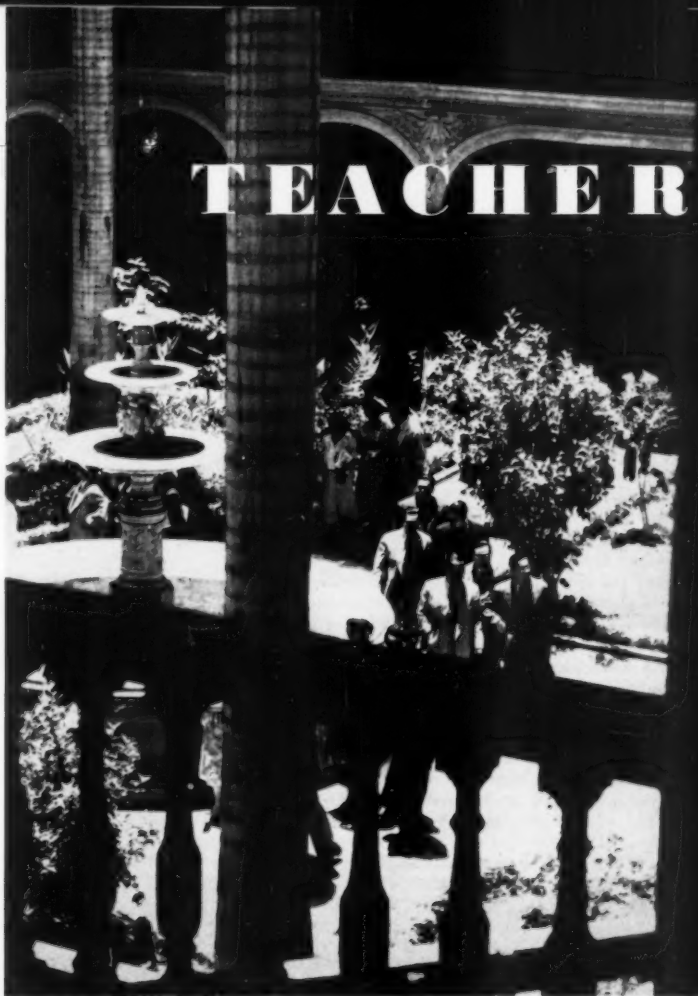
over

four hundred years

of

service

TEACHER



Luis A. Eguiguren

ON MAY 12, 1551, more than half a century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Queen Mother Juana of Spain signed a decree authorizing a university in Lima, capital of the rich colony of Peru. This year the same University of San Marcos is celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of its founding with an extensive program of events lasting several months. It is fitting for the peoples of America to honor culture in this way at a time when the world is in crisis. Surely this is a wholehearted celebration, for nothing binds men together more unselfishly than ideas, especially in our Hemisphere, where we all respect the same values—democracy, Christianity, freedom, and justice.

Like other New World universities, San Marcos has always stood for these ideals. First it was devoted to an ardent creed of salvation of man through religion, later to the liberal ideas spread by certain men of the

Cortes of Cádiz, the Philadelphia Convention, and the French Revolution. Today it is dominated by the concept of social justice, an ideal that has no quarrel with Christian tradition. Materialism—now as before—has appeared among us only as a passing phase. Alciato's mottoes and the beautiful allegories of Rodó's *Ariel* again have meaning. Humanism appears with fresh arguments and new spiritual strength to do battle with economic materialism, to whose banners men flock in times of mass disillusionment.

San Marcos began as a monastic school, carrying on its activities in the Dominican monastery supported by the friars. Fray Tomás de San Martín, who founded the university, and Captain Gerónimo de Aliaga, one of the founders of Lima, went to Spain to convince the King that the Dominican convent provided the "rigging" indispensable for students. The 1551 royal decree echoed

TO A CONTINENT

the words of the devoted friar. So it was that the course of general studies officially began spreading religious knowledge in the newly conquered lands.

But this cloistering of culture, with authority in the hands of the Dominican prior-rectors, naturally aroused the jealousy of the laity. Many capable men qualified to teach could not because of the Dominicans' monopoly. On May 11, 1571, the influence of these laymen predominated in the Audiencia, which decided that the secular doctors should meet to elect a lay rector. The position went to Dr. Pedro Fernández de Valenzuela, who initiated the university's secular period, marking the downfall of the prior-rectors.

Immediately the Dominicans insisted that instruction in general studies was their prerogative, citing the terms of the royal founding decree, and claiming that the King had granted them this right. The struggle for control of the university was hard and unceasing, with the viceroy and the Cabildo at Lima siding with the laymen. Meanwhile, the two sets of professors carried on their work, one in the Cathedral, the other in the buildings belonging to the Crown. With their own money, the secular teachers bought a house in San Marcelo from the Augustinians—today only four blocks from Lima's principal avenue but at that time beyond the city area. Both teachers and students traveled there on muleback. Besides classes in elementary theology, there were courses in law, arts, philosophy, and the Quechua language. (All needed a knowledge of the native tongue—the priests for carrying the gospel to the Indians, the landowners and government officials for their dealings with the people.)

In that house in San Marcelo, enlarged through the efforts of carpenters and slaves provided by the teachers, it was decided that the university should have a patron saint. The deans drew lots and chose the evangelist St. Mark (San Marcos).

Of course, the university could not live solely on its teachers' altruism. A progressive viceroy, Don Francisco de Toledo, fully understood this. He not only sparked the opposition to the friars, but also gave more attention than any other governor to the university's economic stability. During his administration, the royal government set aside thirteen thousand pesos annually to pay the salaries of seventeen professors. The document authorizing this endowment is preserved in the Library of Congress in Washington.

Despite the professors' generosity in adapting the San Marcelo building to teaching needs, it was inadequate. The teachers then decided to sell it and buy a more suitable one. The next site, in the Penitencia, was the one occupied by the university for the longest period. Its historic halls housed the congress that declared the

country's independence, and from that time on, the nation's representatives have met in that same building, which, of course, has since been modernized. Next the university moved to its present home, on the Plaza de la Universidad.

In colonial days, the graduation ceremony was an exciting event for the city of Lima, for it was not limited to the silence of an auditorium but spread to the streets. Provoking an uproar among the bystanders, the graduating students paraded triumphantly on horseback to the Cathedral, where examinations were given. At that time a degree was an expensive affair. The graduates drew friends and alumni to the ceremony by showering them with gifts—gloves, chickens, candy, silver money, candy, an ostentatious banquet, or a bullfight in the plaza before the viceroy's palace.

Colonial education was not restricted to the cloisters of San Marcos. There were other schools that prepared boys who might go on to university studies. From all the territory under Spanish control students came to the Jesuit Colegio Real de San Martín, where aristocratic youths were trained for the priesthood. Its graduates became bishops, archbishops, or other ecclesiastical dignitaries. Another royal school was San Felipe y San Marcos, which prepared the sons of conquistadors for administrative, judicial, or political positions in the viceregal bureaucracy. Leading Spaniards, both in the homeland and living in the colonies, were always deeply concerned with the education of the mestizos, the sons of Spaniards and Indians. So they founded special

Time-dimmed painting near main patio of university honors its founder, Dominican friar Tomás de San Martín, and royal decree of 1551 under which it was established



schools for them in the parishes or as state agencies. There was a *caciques'* school for the noble descendants of the Incas and the native gentry. In addition, the Seminary was established for clerical training.

The university was not only the usual place for receiving the viceroys with exaggerated pomp and a submissiveness that seems inexplicable in view of the national sense of dignity and haughtiness; it was also the home from which men went out to meet danger. Its teachers and students stood guard in 1624, when pirates threatened our coasts.

In the seventeenth century San Marcos stimulated the science of the day, cultivating linguistics and the arts in order to understand the civilization of the indigenous people. Through the efforts of representative men with inquisitive minds, the cultural influence of San Marcos permeated the leading social groups. Many of its professors or graduates belonged to a select band of literary enthusiasts known as the *Academia Antártica* who encouraged cultural pursuits in the Viceroyalty. Their activities produced at least three significant works: Father Diego de Hojeda's epic poem *La Cristiada*, a worthy contribution to world literature; Father Valverde's life of Christ; and Pedro de Oña's poem *Arauco Domado*. Father Hojeda taught poetry at San Marcos and assisted in arts. When the first copy of *Don Quixote* reached Lima, the viceroy himself, highest authority in the King's dominions, handed the volume to the humble priest.

Juan de Solórzano y Pereyra also worked with the university, even though he did not want to occupy a professor's chair because of his respect for the standards

the viceroyalty. Between 1600 and 1624 more than eighteen people devoted themselves to bookselling, in regular bookstores. Along with books sent from Spain they sold pamphlets and other works printed in Lima, and local presses soon began to republish books that originally appeared in Madrid.

With the vigorous activity of the presses, several important new figures emerged, trained by San Marcos. One of the most interesting was Don Pedro Peralta Barnuevo, whose learning was so vast that few men of the time in Europe could surpass him. He spoke eight languages, was an astronomer, chemist, and botanist, and studied medicine, philosophy, and literature. Although knowledge was limited by the impediments to thought in a colonial environment, he was an encyclopedic genius.

During the eighteenth century, the Jesuits developed increasing influence, but misfortune beset them under Charles III. It fell upon Viceroy Amat, the old lover of La Perricholi, to expel the members of St. Ignatius of Loyola's order. When all their property was attached by the government, they left, many bound for London. One of the Peruvian Jesuits, Viscardo, became a precursor of the independence movement by writing a celebrated letter arguing for the colonies' freedom.

Notable men continued to come out of San Marcos' halls. Talamantes, a talented member of the order of La Merced, was a professor there. He went on to Mexico, where he played an important role in that country's struggle for independence. Also out of San Marcos went Olavide, headed for Alcalá, Madrid, and Paris. We know that he carried on correspondence with the principal Encyclopedists. Another graduate was Morales Duarez, the Peruvian who presided over the Cortes in Cádiz. San Marcos and the Convictorio de San Carlos also educated Olmedo, who laid the foundation for the independence of Guayaquil and sang in verse of the battle of Junin, in which the Spaniards suffered their first important defeat in Peru, a loss that led to their decisive defeat at Ayacucho. José Baquijano y Carrillo, who talked with Miranda in Paris, and Unánue, a great man of science whose bust is found in the Pan American Union, were other San Marcos men. Baquijano y Carrillo became a symbol of the proud spirit of the university. Breaking the tradition of servility to the viceroy, he dared to criticize colonial policy. His discourse pronounced as a eulogy of Viceroy Jáuregui was actually a revolutionary proclamation. Because of it, for fifteen years the colonial authorities denied him position in the bureaucracy. In the university he was defeated as a candidate for the rectorship, an office that in Spanish American countries was usually also political.

When Baquijano y Carrillo returned from a trip to Spain, he brought with him the rebellious books of the Encyclopedists, then considered dangerous: Rousseau, Voltaire, Bayle, Volney, Filangieri, Paine, and so on. The same volumes could also be obtained in a bookstore run by a Hieronymite friar, which became a center of *criollo* activities. Many nonconformists like Rodríguez de Men-

(Continued on page 35)



Fray Domingo de Santo Tomás, first great Quechua scholar

Early Quechua vocabulary. All students learned Indian tongue



that prohibited anyone from serving as professor and judge at the same time. A keen observer of American life, Solórzano wrote *De Indiarum Jure* (*On the Law of the Indies*), with publication authorized by royal decree on March 9, 1626. Although Book III of the second volume was placed on the Index of prohibited works by the College of Cardinals, the King considered the work important and useful to the government of the colonies. In 1648 it was published in Spanish at Madrid as *La Política Indiana*. With its complete coverage of colonial legislation, it remains a valuable reference source to this day.

The introduction of printing to the colony by Antonio Ricardo, an adventurous spirit who settled in Peru under many difficulties, further stimulated cultural progress in

STARRING

JOSE

FERRER



Wallace B. Alig

AT 11:10 P.M. ON Saturday night, April 14, 1951, José Vicente Ferrer Cintrón took his bows on the stage of New York's Fulton Theater where he was starring in the smash Hecht-MacArthur farce *Twentieth Century*. At 11:15, he rushed from his dressing room through Fulton alley into a waiting limousine. With the help of a motorcycle police escort, he whirled across blazing Broadway and through the dim streets of Manhattan to La Guardia airport, where he boarded the 11:59 plane for San Juan, Puerto Rico. Next morning, he was met by 7,500 school-children who tossed 2.7 tons of flower petals at him. A 110-car motorcade took him from Isla Grande field to the City Hall, where speeches praising him were made from the balcony and carried to every corner of the

country on an all-island network. After a reception and breakfast, Ferrer went to the Capitol, where he addressed a joint session of the Puerto Rican Senate and House of Representatives. Then he went to La Fortaleza, where Governor Luis Muñoz Marín presented him with the "Oscar" of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Next Ferrer visited the veterans hospital, where he spoke with members of Puerto Rico's 65th Infantry Regiment invalided back from the Korean war. A fourteen-mile motorcade took him from there to the University of Puerto Rico, passing 140,000 confetti-throwing people along the line of march. At the campus, he was greeted by twelve thousand others, including the faculty and student body. Here he presented his "Oscar" to

Chancellor Jaime Benítez for the university's permanent archives, in memory of his parents. Then he joined actor Juano Hernández in a scene from *Othello*, and sat down with pianist Jesús María Sanromá to play a four-handed version of the island song *La Borinqueña*. As one of his Broadway cronies remarked, "The crowd blew its stack." After another reception, Ferrer caught the 11:30 P.M. plane back to New York, where he managed a short rest before making his regular Monday-night appearance at the Fulton. With the Sunday holiday, he hadn't missed a performance. It had been the biggest moment of his life.

The whirlwind Sunday was the logical expression of a country's pride in its favorite son. José Ferrer is Puerto Rico's boy. He is an even bigger man on the island than he is on Broadway or in Hollywood—and that's saying something. He was born, one of four chil-

we had no lifts. When I got used to it, though, it took less than half that long."

Athletics and exercise have played a large part in forming and maintaining Ferrer's noted grace on the stage. Recently he began five tap dancing, soft shoe, and waltz clog dancing lessons a week plus three ballet and three primitive dancing lessons with Katharine Dunham in addition to his weekly show schedule of eight performances. When he goes to Beverly Hills to make a movie, he spends most of his spare time on the tennis court. At Acapulco he goes deep-sea fishing, and once caught the largest marlin of the season. Occasionally he plays baseball, holding down second base on the various inter-theater teams. Yet all this physical activity has not produced a handsome man. Today, at thirty-nine, Ferrer is balding; he has big ears, and a large nose of which Jimmy Durante has said, "I consider imitation the



Gallery of Ferrer roles. Here, as Dauphin in film *Joan of Arc*

Ferrer played *Cyrano* on stage and screen, won 1950 Academy Award

As crafty *Iago* in smash-hit 1943 production of *Othello*

dren, into an aristocratic family at Santurce on January 8, 1912. His father, Don Rafael Ferrer Otero, was a popular, socially conventional man, a lawyer noted for his skill in the art of conversation. His mother was heiress to some of Puerto Rico's wealthier plantations. As a child, José quickly demonstrated precocity. His family moved to New York in 1918, and soon he was pulling down high grades at the Horace Mann School at Riverdale-on-Hudson. By the age of fifteen he was ready for Princeton, but the university authorities considered him too young. They suggested another year of preparation so that he would fit in better with his less astute contemporaries. Don Rafael then proceeded to pack him off to Rosey, the exclusive Swiss school for Hapsburg archdukes, Persian shahs, and Siamese kings. Young José was transported with delight, especially for the skiing there, whose equal he has yet to find anywhere else. "Now tell me," he reflects wistfully, "what's happened to skiing since my day? In Switzerland I was taught how to telemark and stem christiana. At Gstaad, it took me forty-five minutes to climb a thousand feet—

sincerest form of flattery": he is short, about five feet eight, with narrow shoulders, a long torso, and short legs. Although he is not fat, he has receding double chins, a source of considerable embarrassment which he comments upon in moody moments. When he grew his beard for *Cyrano*, he said, "I hate it. I've been laughed at and sneered at. It does give me a chin, though." On another occasion, he told friends, "The only way I can have a chin is to hold my head like this." He looked up at the ceiling. "And then I have a sloping brow," he added gloomily.

Nobody seems to care, though. Women have contributed heavily to Ferrer's smashing success. "I just saw your *Cyrano*," one wrote. "... it is too bad we don't have a King anymore. You'd get a knighthood I daresay." Another said, "Thank you for permitting me to glimpse such greatness." On a less personal level, a Vancouver woman told Ferrer, "You make Shakespeare sound so easy." Men like the Puerto Rican, too. "They identify themselves with his dynamic, swashbuckling roles," one critic pointed out. "Ferrer is a man's man."

As is well known along Broadway, Joe, as he came to be called, entered show business with a reserve bordering on reluctance. His initial exposure came at Princeton, which he entered in 1923. James Stewart was a classmate, and Joshua Logan (who was to direct *Annie Get Your Gun* and *South Pacific*) was a sophomore. Bretaigne Windust, the future director, was a junior then. But rather than identify himself with an arty group that devoted its enthusiasms to such thespian institutions as the Triangle Club and the Théâtre Intime, Ferrer promptly earned himself the enviable reputation of socialite and playboy. His friends were fellow sybarites who admired him for his wit, his piano playing, and his Groucho Marxian shenanigans. He organized a dance band of six pieces that sounded like Bix Biederbecke. After it had grown to fourteen and mellowed, it gave old standby Meyer Davis considerable competition at debutante parties

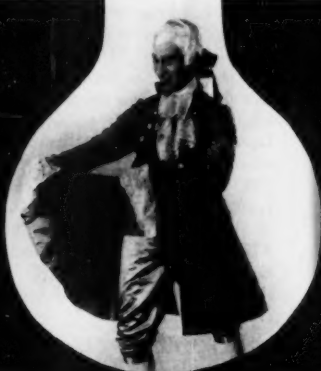
he wanted to please his father, who disapproved of his profession. Don Rafael, in fact, refused to attend the New York showing of *It's the Valet*, and he did not relent when Joe graduated from Princeton *cum laude*. It was not so much the theater, perhaps, as his son's choice of roles. Ferrer père heartily disliked nonsensical comedy and softened noticeably when Joe later took up serious drama. One day he met an old friend, Don Jorge Bird Arias, in the Figaro barbershop in San Juan. "I saw your son in New York," said Don Jorge. "I could have killed him. If I'd had a revolver, I think I would have." Don Rafael sat stunned, wondering what outrage his eldest son had now perpetrated. Then Sr. Bird explained: Joe had so completely identified himself with Iago, Shakespeare's vicious schemer, that not until the actors took their bows did he remember it was Rafael Ferrer's boy, whom he'd watched grow up from knee pants. Don Rafael



In comedy *Silver Whistle*, Ferrer's notices were better than play's



"Oscar Jaffe" of Twentieth Century is Broadway egocentric



On Princeton stage, young Ferrer starred in *Monsieur Beaucaire*

in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. Called "Joe Ferrer's Pied Pipers," the band toured Europe in the summers, or played cruise engagements. Such debauchery could not go long unpunished. Joe flunked architecture, his major, and was invited by the university to spend an extra year making it up. It was then that the Triangle Club claimed him, and, in a moment of weakness or strength (Ferrer will never know which), he gave in, securing a role in the production of *It's the Valet*. Its program describes him as "Another newcomer who could have been in the shows for longer than three years, but [whose] innate timidity prevented his attempt. . . . Joe carries a great part of the show with great aplomb, and should you chance to go to Puerto Rico you will probably see him cavorting on the beach. . . ." He has since stood by his choice. "I always thought of actors as seedy bohemian bums," he says. "But you know you're in the right racket if you love the drudgery that goes with it."

Since his Triangle Club days, Ferrer has worked hard and drudgingly to climb the ladder of fame. Above all,

beamed all over.

Ferrer's million-dollar background, however, has proved more of a hindrance than a help to him in a business where the traditions of refinement are seldom understood. While Broadway can appreciate Mike Romanoff, the restaurant owner, it is doubtful if it cares much about the other Romanoff, Czar Nicholas II, who it probably thinks was a twelfth vice-president at M.G.M. As a result, Joe has tried to represent his family as everyday people. In order to be one of the boys, he has been obliged to scorn everything he formerly held dear. He never mentions Rosey, for example. And he would have the world believe that he was underprivileged at Princeton. "College taught me to be tough," the newspapers quote him. "It taught me to give as I got, to treat people as they treated me. . . . I remember Princeton as a prizefighter remembers the guy who beat him up when he was ten. . . ." Actually, Ferrer was one of the most brilliant social successes of the decade at Old Nassau. In addition to being the debutantes' delight and affiliated with the talented Triangle, he was a popular member of

the Cottage Club, an institution where exclusive young men of wealthy families gather to eat, drink, and gamble. On February 22, 1947, the university awarded him an honorary Master of Arts degree.

After earning his A.B., Ferrer once again abandoned the theater for a couple of years. He wanted to be a teacher. He did graduate work in French literature at Princeton and enrolled at Columbia in 1934 to take a master's degree, but was so bored with the subject he had chosen—analysis of the nineteenth-century Flemish novel—that he soon gave it up. In 1935, he was lured to the summer theater at Suffern, New York, where his pals Windust and Logan gave him a job driving the station wagon, painting scenery, and playing bit parts such as the second policeman walk-on in *A Slight Case of Murder*. His first good part was in *Brother Rat*, and, while his progress was rapid, the next four years were a series of ups and downs, with important experience gained from the flops. People began to notice him after Maxwell Anderson's *Key Largo* and, with the revival of the fifty-year-old *Charlie's Aunt*, he achieved stardom. At this point, Joe began to show the remarkable versatility that has made him the chameleon of the stage. From the highjinks of *Charlie's Aunt*, he leaped into the role of Iago in *Othello*. George Jean Nathan and several hundred other critics called it the best performance of 1943-44. The play shattered Shakespeare records—six hundred performances in New York and on the road when no work of Shakespeare had ever been given anywhere more than 157 times consecutively. Commemorating the event, Helen Hayes said "[Until Ferrer] . . . there has been no one since Barrymore who could act superlatively from classics to farce."

three weeks later. "He didn't like the deal or Kaye's material," his cronies explain. "Kaye's humor is specialized. He handles a broader, subtler kind. He goes for W. C. Fields or Bert Lahr." Since this fiasco, Ferrer has been waiting eagerly for the chance to prove himself in musical comedy. Given the opportunity, his admirers see no valid reason why he can't out-Pinza Pinza or out-Bolger Bolger. He will see if they are right next Christmas Day, when he opens in New York in *Musical Comedy Man*. This is the last production George M. Cohan wrote before he died, and features music and lyrics the great showman intended for himself. Ferrer is so sure he will be a success that he has begun to study for the next step, opera. He wants to sing the role of Boris Godunov in Russian and takes voice lessons periodically.

Such boldness might appear rash to people who don't know him. In 1946, Joe decided he had been out of the limelight too long and took it into his head not only to act in *Cyrano* but to produce and direct it. With characteristic fearlessness—the story had been considered outdated and dead since Walter Hampden's version of it—Ferrer went to work. What happened made stage history. *Cyrano* played twenty-four weeks on Broadway and twenty-eight weeks on the road. It brought its star into motion pictures. Joe played the Dauphin to Ingrid Bergman's *Joan of Arc*, and followed this with *Whirlpool* for Twentieth Century Fox and *Crisis* for M.G.M. *Cyrano* then appeared not only as a movie, but on records and over television, which hailed it as one of the "finest things that has happened on the TV screen." Today, Ferrer is back in Hollywood to play the lead in George and Helen Papashvily's *Anything Can Happen*, a Chaplinesque role requiring study of the guitar and the language of Russian Georgia.

Like a pendulum, Joe swings from the sublime to the ridiculous. After *Cyrano*, he played the humbug tramp in *The Silver Whistle*, then the megalomaniac Oscar Jaffe in *Twentieth Century*. If inconsistency is the mark of great men, Ferrer is a match for any of them with his sheer unpredictability. During his early professional years, before he became sure of himself, this tick-tock tendency showed up in his attitude toward show business. "I don't particularly like the life I lead," he would lament, "for the simple reason I don't usually know whether I'm going to eat next year." Then, with the signing of a few Hollywood contracts, he brightened up. "I love my work," he told a friend. "Any artist, not only painters and musicians, but anybody who does a thing well, loves his work. If you do love your work, you're never the type of guy who gets up at the last minute, at nine, to catch the latest possible bus to the office, then sits counting the minutes until five o'clock when he can go home to a wife he doesn't particularly love. Artists don't grow old at their work. Their work is their play. These people that sit back and weep, 'Oh, poor Einstein, or poor Toscanini, or even poor Gloria Swanson, they are growing old.' Oh, poor nothing—they're having a helluva time."

Ferrer's rocket to fame has brought him so far so fast that, in the rare moments when he can sit back and

(Continued on page 44)



A fifteen-hundred-dollar nightmare—Ferrer and some of the noses he wore in the film version of *Cyrano*

Joe has never been intimidated by the suspicion that there is something he cannot do. In 1943, he stepped into Danny Kaye's role in *Let's Face It*, which closed



A U. S. writer

reviews

Haitian literature

MOUNTAINS

*and
manuscripts*

Mercer Cook

THE INDIANS CALLED IT *Haiti*—"Land of Mountains"—and never was a country more aptly named. The manuscripts came later, after the Indians, the Spaniards, and most of the French had departed.

At first glance, the connection between mountain and manuscript may appear far-fetched, but in Haiti everything, and almost everybody, is related. If the ever-present Haitian hills have added immeasurably to the beauty of the native scene and inspired innumerable Haitian poets, they are also barriers, partly responsible for the high rate of illiteracy and the heart-breaking poverty.

On my last trip to the island, I motored from Port-au-Prince to Cap-Haïtien, stopping en route at the little towns of Saint-Marc and Gonaïves. For miles, between Gonaïves and the Cape, we wound our way around mountains of breath-taking beauty and life-taking danger; an almost continuous precipice lay perilously close to the edge of the road. Here and there a village appeared as if by magic. Then the mountains again, majestic and magnificent, rugged historical manuscripts on which Toussaint Louverture, Dessalines, Christophe, and Pétion

inscribed one of the truly great epics of the New World.

Against the background of hills and poverty, there is surprising intellectual ferment in the urban centers. Despite the excessive centralization that has the capital almost bursting at the seams, one finds even in the provincial towns a well-informed, cultured élite interested in history, world problems, folklore, and literature. For one reason or another, most of the leading authors have joined the exodus to Port-au-Prince, but Emile Roumer, one of Haiti's best-loved poets, still lives in Jérémie, birthplace of the Alexandre Dumas family; the historian Dr. Clément Lanier makes his home in Saint-Marc; novelist Marc Verne and an active group of younger intellectuals reside in historic Cap-Haïtien; a similar group lives in Gonaïves, where, to my surprise, I heard a government official quote a French translation of Langston Hughes' *I Too Sing America*. In short, from the literary standpoint, it is far too early to dismiss the provinces with the quip: "The Republic of Haiti is Port-au-Prince."

Though illiteracy has probably decreased in recent years, it is still high enough to make the publication

of a book a somewhat risky financial venture in Haiti. Almost without exception, even in the case of a novel, the author pays for the printing of his manuscript. Editions rarely exceed five hundred copies, and by the time complimentary copies are distributed, the odds are against the writer's breaking even on his investment. One well-known Haitian author reports that he gave away 250 copies of his book, half the total number printed. Another remarks proudly that he lost only six dollars on his last volume. One ingenious writer of short stories intersperses advertisements for pharmacies, restaurants, grocery stores, tailor shops, the national lottery, and assorted enterprises throughout the pages of his collection. Often subscriptions are solicited, and sometimes a president subsidizes the publication of a work. The following dedication of Pierre Carrié's novel *Crépuscule*, published in 1948, is typical:

This book would probably not have appeared but for the material assistance of Mme. Lucienne Heurtelou-Estimé, First Lady of the Republic. She has given her aid graciously and readily in an age when so few people are interested in books.

The Haitian author, then, is hardly prompted by any "best-seller" incentive.

Language is another obstacle besetting him, and I am not now referring to the fact that the Haitian writer does

tion prevails in other non-European French-speaking regions, notably the province of Quebec.

Despite the difficulty of reaching foreign markets, within recent years there have been encouraging signs of recognition abroad. The Marcelin brothers broke the ice in 1943 when their *Canapé-Vert* won the Latin American Novel Contest sponsored by Farrar and Rinehart. French and Spanish editions followed in New York and Argentina, respectively. A second novel by the same authors, *The Beast of the Haitian Hills* (*La Bête de Musseau*), was also published by Farrar and the Maison des Editions Françaises in New York; editions will shortly appear in London and Oslo. *The Pencil of God*, a third novel by the talented Marcelin brothers, was released last winter by Houghton-Mifflin for initial pub-



Roumain, an artistocrat who championed the peasants

Left: Dr. Jean Price-Mars, diplomat and sociologist



not write in Creole. By using French, he has at least a potential audience among educated Haitians and in other French-speaking territories. On the other hand, his works, unless translated, will not be widely read in the neighboring Spanish-speaking republics or in the United States. While France has occasionally bestowed honors on Haitian books, such as the two-volume anthology crowned by the French Academy in 1904, no Haitian work has yet made its way into the mainstream of French literature. The reasons are varied: first, there is the obvious fact that Haiti has produced no Balzacs or Hugos (few countries have, for that matter); second, the Haitian novel, with few exceptions, has been too localized to arouse widespread interest abroad; third, Haitian verse until fairly recently has too often been content to imitate outmoded French models. By and large the same situa-



Famed Haitian novelist team: PAU staff member Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, now in Haiti on Guggenheim grant, and his brother Pierre. Publication in English translation. Another popular Haitian novel, *Gouverneurs de la Rosée* (*Masters of the Dew*) was first published in Port-au-Prince in 1944, several months after the untimely death of its young author, Jacques Roumain. Afterward, foreign editions of this moving tale appeared in several countries, including the United States, France, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and Israel.

Less spectacular but no less merited has been the foreign reception accorded Haitian poets in the past two years. L. S. Senghor included poems by Jacques Roumain, René Belance, Leon Laleau, and Jean F. Briere in his *Anthologie de la nouvelle poésie nègre et malgache* (Paris, Presses Universitaires de France, 1949); while thirteen Haitian poets were selected for the Hughes-Bontemps anthology *The Poetry of the Negro* (Doubleday, New York, 1949). Also, a large part of the February 1950 issue of Jean-Paul Sartre's *Les Temps Modernes* was devoted to Haitian verse.

Such stimulus from abroad for Haitian writers suggests that oceans are sometimes easier than mountains for manuscripts to cross. In this connection, the amazing success of DeWitt Peters and his Centre d'Art, which Philippe Thoby-Marcelin discussed in the December 1949 issue of *AMERICAS*, has undoubtedly exerted an influence on Haitian authors. Exhibited abroad, these paintings have aroused enthusiastic comment and enjoyed gratify-

ing sales in New York, Washington, Chicago, Havana, Paris, and other foreign cities. By the same token, the little Negro republic has vastly increased the number of its friends abroad, thanks to the intelligent efforts of tourist chief Jean F. Brierre; to the Bicentennial Exposition of the Founding of Port-au-Prince; to favorable articles in such magazines as *Holiday*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Life*, and *AMERICAS*; to books like Korngold's *Citizen Toussaint*, Leyburn's *The Haitian People*, and Rodman's *Renaissance in Haiti*.

Between my departure from Haiti in 1945 and my return in 1950, library facilities improved enormously. In addition to the established libraries at Saint-Louis de Gonzague and the Petit Séminaire Collège Saint-Martial, which are still functioning, the National Library, as well as the Haitian-American Institute and the Institut Français d'Haïti, built up their collections and are attracting many readers. Various provincial libraries have reopened, and the newly organized Society of Haitian Writers and Artists has launched an appeal for donations of books to its collection.

Strangely enough, there is but one literary review in the country: *Conjonction*, a quarterly published by the Institut Français d'Haïti. Since its first issue in 1946, *Conjonction* has maintained a high standard of excellence in its original articles, poems, book reviews, and extracts of lectures delivered at the French Institute. Illustrations are few or nonexistent, but will probably increase with the number of subscribers. The scholarly quarterly *Revue de la Société Haïtienne d'Histoire et de Géographie*, which has continued its useful career since 1925,

has established something of a record for longevity in the annals of Haitian magazines. Doubtless this is largely due to a deep interest in history among intellectuals; Toussaint, Dessalines, Christophe, or Pétion are still sometimes subjects for heated argument. Plans are now in the making for another review, under the aegis of Antonio Vieux, former minister of education and a member of the brilliant group that sponsored the *Revue Indigène* back in the twenties. The *Revue Indigène* was staffed by such authors as Emile Roumer, Jacques Roumain, Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, and Antonio Vieux, and, though short-lived, played an effective part in the campaign to interest Haitian writers in Haitian subject matter. This movement was largely inspired by Dr. Price-Mars, whose *Ainsi parla l'oncle* (*So Spoke the Uncle*), is a cornerstone of modern Haitian letters.

Because of the dearth of magazines, the newspapers print many articles and studies that deserve a more permanent medium, especially in a country where newspaper files are rarely accessible. This added burden on the newspaper has become traditional in the dailies, and *Haïti-Journal*, *Le Nouvelliste*, *La Phalange*, and *Le Matin* regularly carry items that rightly belong in the magazines. One of the most significant newcomers on the scene, *Circuit Artibonitien*, a four-page weekly still in its first year of publication, is obliged to make room in its overcrowded columns for political and literary articles, a decentralization campaign it has been waging, and coverage of local and world news. Incidentally, most of the established newspapers are subsidized directly or indirectly by the government; circulation is not extensive,

Haitian literary production is centered in Port-au-Prince, the capital, but some of the best writers live in the provinces



and contributors of special articles seldom receive or even expect remuneration.

Nor is the textbook field lucrative in Haiti, which can also be attributed to the country's general economic condition. Haitian educators have prepared excellent texts, especially in history and one or two other subjects, but in many schools the pupils cannot afford them. Secondary-school teachers have told me that sometimes less than a tenth of their students own books. Some texts are still imported from France, and during the Nazi occupation prices swelled to black market proportions. Since the war conditions have improved; at least one enterprising company, the Editions Deschamps, has put out a fair number of textbooks.

In fact, despite all the handicaps, Haitians somehow manage to publish well-printed, creditable volumes, popular or scholarly, on a wide variety of topics. Though there are several smaller houses, most books bear the imprimatur of the official Imprimerie de l'Etat or of the Editions Deschamps, a company directed by the Frenchman Henri Deschamps, a long-time resident of Haiti. Perhaps Deschamps' most impressive 1950 product is the 635-page *Panorama de la Poésie Haïtienne*, edited by two young authors, Maurice A. Lubin and Carlos St.



Authors Morisseau-Leroy, René Piquion, Roussan Camille, and Jean F. Brierre, who belong to the Young Generation group

Louis. This anthology, the most comprehensive yet to appear, includes nearly seven hundred poems by 150 Haitian poets. Also, Mme. Fortuna A. Guéry, noted educator and lecturer, authored the beautiful and nostalgic *Témoignages*, autobiographical reminiscences of Haitian life in the early years of the century. Of special interest to North Americans are two booklets—the first, *Haïti et Chicago*, in which Joseph Jérémie studies the life and family of Jean-Baptiste Paul Dessables (Chicagoans usually spell the name Du Sable), the Haitian who founded Chicago, Illinois. The second brochure is *Marian Anderson*, prepared on the occasion of the singer's first visit to Haiti in the spring of 1950 by poet Jean F. Brierre and historian René Piquion. Incidentally, both Brierre and Piquion have done graduate



Dantès Bellegarde, whose *La Nation Haïtienne* is considered the best general study of Haiti

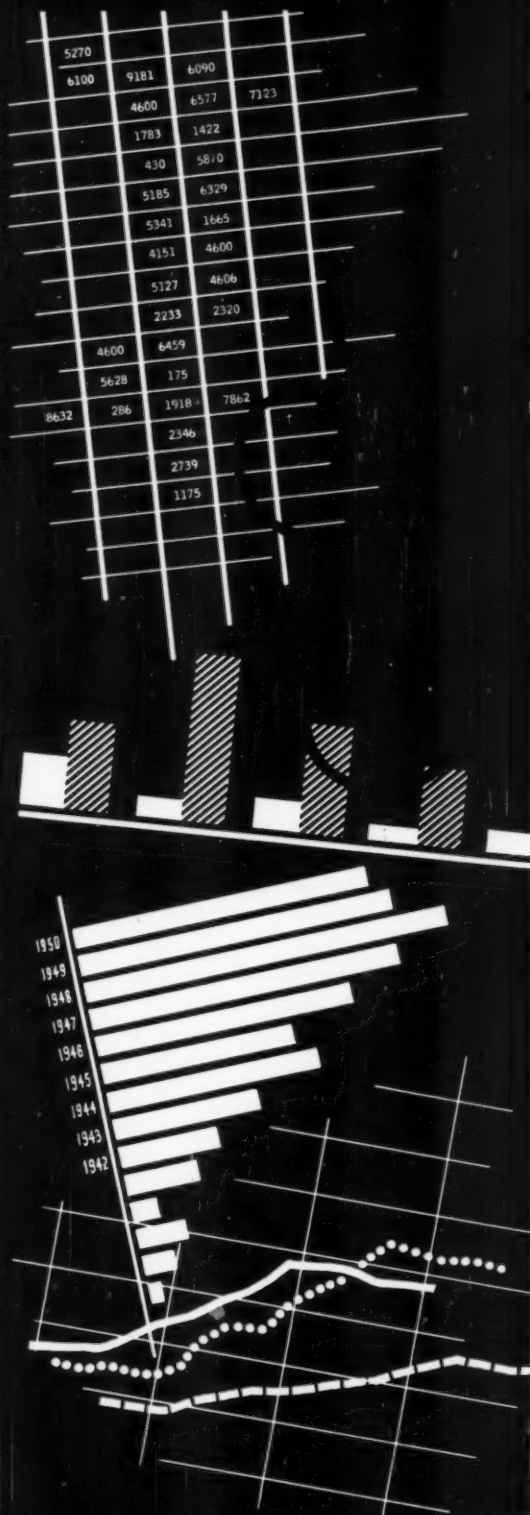
work in the United States. In 1950 Deschamps also published Brierre's one-act playlet, *Les Aïeules—Famous Women in Haitian History*, in a bi-lingual edition. Deschamps also published in 1950 Piquion's short biography of Haiti's new president: *L'Actualité de Paul E. Magloire*.

Most prolific of all Haitian publicists is elder statesman, educator, and orator Dantès Bellegarde, whose reputation reaches out through much of North and Latin America and Europe. In his seventy-three years he has written some fifteen volumes, including textbooks, anthologies, histories, his collected lectures, and general studies such as *La Nation Haïtienne* (Paris, J. de Gigord, 1933), *Haïti et ses problèmes* (Montreal, Valiquette, 1941), and *Dessalines a parlé* (Port-au-Prince, Société d'Éditions et de Librairie, 1943). In forceful prose, as clear as his conscience, he has labored for full recognition of Haitian sovereignty; for cooperation between Haiti and her neighbors in the Pan American Union, the League of Nations, and now the United Nations; for the improvement of Haitian institutions; for the moral and economic uplift of the Haitian peasant; for woman suffrage (not yet a reality in Haiti); for the eradication of race and color prejudice. But a mere listing of the good causes he has espoused would exhaust the space at our disposal. His own works are eloquent proof of his contention that Haitian literature is a literature of action.

Indeed, social action motivates most Haitian literary production. No conscientious historian, sociologist, educator, novelist, or poet has been able to overlook the plight of the long-suffering peasants, who are the overwhelming mass of the population. Since 1930, every important Haitian novel except Marc Verne's *Marie Villarceaux* (1945) has had a peasant background. With varying degrees of objectivity, sympathy, and artistry, these authors portray their milieu realistically, though their realism is tempered by the exotic tropics, by African folklore or Haitian legend.

Like the novelists, most contemporary Haitian poets feel they cannot afford the luxury of "art for art's sake." "For them, art is action," as Messrs. Maurice Lubin and St. Louis observe in the preface of their *Panorama de la Poésie Haïtienne*. Their verse attacks exploitation, prejudice, man's inhumanity to man; it extols the downtrodden, their beauty and their contribution to civilization; it pleads for justice, for human brotherhood. With

(Continued on page 36)



**American nations
seek better facts and
figures**

Statistically Speaking

George C. Compton

STATISTICS ARE an essential tool of modern government and commerce. But what do you do when two sets of figures on the same thing don't agree? Take the value of France's trade with Denmark in the year 1950. France reported exporting \$53,000,000 worth of goods to that Scandinavian country, but Denmark tallied imports from France at \$72,900,000. Denmark's sales to France in the same period amounted to \$19,400,000; France carried them on its books at \$23,700,000. If a country includes tractors as imported "agricultural machinery and implements," it runs that item up; the Standard International Trade Classification (SITC) prepared by UN experts puts them in a different category.

Such problems of disagreement, incomparability, or wandering predictions plague the American republics along with the rest of the world, and the riddles of foreign-trade statistics are some of the toughest. All kinds of factors may be involved in apparent discrepancies. Year-end shipments, leaving one country in one reporting period and arriving in another in the next, may account for small variations. Different valuations may be placed on the same goods by the exporting and importing countries. Two principal systems of calculat-

ing value are in use, the f.o.b. (free on board) and c.i.f. (cost, insurance, and freight). The former counts just the value of the merchandise at the exporting port, the latter includes the insurance and shipping charges to the importing country's port. Exports are generally listed at the f.o.b. rate, but some countries prefer to use the c.i.f. figure for their imports, to give a picture of the total costs to the consuming country. On the other hand, countries that bring most of the cargo in ships owned by their own citizens and insure it locally figure that these items do not result in any loss of foreign exchange, and may prefer the f.o.b. system to give a picture of that drain. Then again, arbitrary customs practices may assign an incorrect valuation to imported goods. Or the exporter may invoice his merchandise at less than the actual price paid so that he will not have to account for all the foreign exchange he earns, leaving some of it in the customer's country. With that money he may purchase other goods and have them included with a legally authorized shipment in order to evade exchange controls.

One place where differences often occur is in the treatment of re-exports. Some countries include in their import and export totals items brought in and later sent out again, others exclude them or make the decision depend on whether or not they were cleared through the local customs. And when the original shipper is not informed of his goods' final destination, the shipment may be listed as an export to one country, but appear on another's import records. Also, some items, like gold shipments, may be included in trade reports by some countries but not by others.

To cure the statisticians' headaches, the Inter-American Statistical Institute (IASI) has been working ever since its founding in May 1940 to improve the quality of our data, largely by acquainting workers in the various countries with the latest methods. The same sort of questions came in for thorough discussion at the first meeting of the Committee on Improvement of National Statistics (COINS) in Washington in June.

COINS is a unique organization. To be certain that all countries will be represented by top-ranking experts in this special field, the executive committee of the Statistical Institute names the members—by their positions, not as individuals—in each case appointing the highest statistical officer of the national government.

The COINS session asked IASI to pick out a few cases in which two American nations come up with substantially different figures on their mutual trade so that those countries could scientifically investigate the discrepancy by tracing the recording of sample shipments. This may reveal still other complicating factors in international trade data.

An unusual case reported recently concerned imports of fish, shellfish, and related products to the United States from Mexico. The United States valued this trade at \$13,613,154 for 1948. For the same year, Mexico reported exports of fish and shellfish to the U.S.A. worth almost three times as much—\$36,376,838. It turned out that the two countries weren't counting the same fish. The Mexican foreign-trade records included

fish caught by U.S. fishermen off the Mexican coast, calculating the value from production taxes paid to the Mexican Government. The United States does not consider these fish as imports from abroad, so doesn't include them in its international trade figures. Since U.S. boats account for about half the fish caught off Mexico annually, this difference in coverage explains most of the gap between the two sets of figures. The remaining difference might be due to exchange-rate questions and to small informal customs entries of goods valued at less than a hundred dollars, which are not used in compiling U.S. import statistics.

Another main objective stressed by the COINS delegates was the development of reliable industrial statistics in the various countries. They urged that this be under-

LATEST RESULTS OF THE 1950 CENSUS OF THE AMERICAS

country	population
Argentina (1947)	15,893,827
Brazil	52,645,479
Costa Rica	800,875
Dominican Republic	2,121,083
Ecuador	3,076,933
El Salvador	1,858,656
Guatemala	2,787,030
Haiti	3,111,973
Honduras	1,533,625
Mexico	25,581,250
Nicaragua	1,053,189
Panama	801,982
Paraguay	1,405,627
United States	150,697,361
Venezuela	4,985,716

taken gradually and based on a carefully built-up register of industrial establishments. The actual census would come later.

The meeting also discussed coordination of national statistics and supported the program for National Focal Points of Statistical Information—central offices to keep data and classification developments flowing rapidly to the people that need them.

One factor that has upset the continuity and consistency of data-gathering has been the high turnover of top statistical personnel. In nineteen American countries, eighty-six men have held the post of Director General of Statistics in the past twelve years. Only Uruguay has had the same director for the whole period, Dr. Eduardo Fonticelli. Two nations had eight each. Twelve

directors served no longer than six months, eighteen others no longer than a year. A few countries have given increasing stability to this office, but in most the situation has been worse in the last few years. Some changes represent improvements, of course, and some are unavoidable, but greater security of tenure is needed to guarantee effective operation of the national statistical offices.

The occupants of responsible statistical posts in twenty-two countries (the OAS members and Canada) are *ex officio* members of the Inter-American Statistical Institute. There are also individual members elected on the basis of their personal professional achievements. Different classes of organizational membership are open to the governments of the Western Hemisphere; agencies or institutions engaged in statistical work, including central banks; and business firms or other private groups.

At first the Institute was established by individuals, then the governments were invited to participate. It held general assemblies of all the members in Washington during the First Inter-American Statistical Congress in 1947 and in Bogotá in conjunction with the Second Congress in January 1950. Last year, under provisions of the OAS Charter, an agreement was reached under which IASI's secretariat moved bodily into the new Pan American Union Administration Building and became the Division of Statistics of the Department of Economic and Social Affairs. Continuing its work for the Institute, the Division also maintains a central file of Hemisphere statistics. Previously, government contributions to the Institute had been by special quotas; now, except for Canada's, they are handled as part of the OAS budget.

IASI is not in the business of producing statistics. It feels that is up to the national statistical offices. But it wants to help them do a better job. One means it uses is publication of a quarterly journal on statistical methods, *Estadística*. Carrying articles in any of the four official languages of the OAS, with a summary in one of the other languages, it is edited at the Division of Statistics and printed in Brazil.

Among other helpful IASI publications is a *Statistical Vocabulary* giving the corresponding terms in English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. At present the Institute, in cooperation with the United Nations, is preparing a detailed list of the specific products falling under each heading in the Standard International Trade Classification.

Education is another weapon in the fight for better statistics. The Institute has a special committee on statistical education, has translated statistical textbooks, and cooperated with several U.S. Government agencies that have offered specialized statistical training to some three hundred Latin Americans since 1942. Many of the trainees have gone on to important posts with their own governments. Six "alumni" are now Directors of National Statistics. One of these, Carmen A. Miró of Panama, is the only woman to hold such an office.

In 1946, the Institute organized a twenty-two-nation committee (COTA) to plan the big drive for a Hemisphere-wide census of 1950. Training programs were



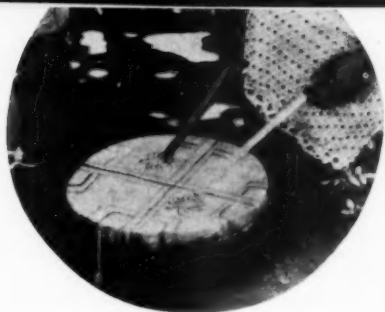
IASI Vice President Manuel Pérez Guerrero of Venezuela addresses COINS session. At left, IASI Secretary General Halbert L. Dunn

stepped up in preparation for the big count. COTA did yeoman service in establishing minimum standards for census questions and tabulating methods, and that committee provided a model for the new COINS group.

During 1950 and the first half of 1951 seventeen American nations (including Canada) completed census enumerations, and four more are expected to take their censuses within the next two years: Cuba, Chile, Peru, and Uruguay. It is hoped that the remaining country, Argentina, may provide additional tabulations of the census it took in 1947, to meet the minimum standards as closely as possible. All in all, it is the biggest cooperative project in international statistics ever attempted. Fourteen countries have already published preliminary population totals, which are given in the accompanying table. In addition, all seventeen countries have collected housing data, either in a separate housing census or as part of the population count, and thirteen have gathered information on agriculture. Taking a census, of course, is just a first step. A lot more work must go into tabulating and publishing the results.

Guatemala, incidentally, in checking on an apparent population drop from 3,283,209 in 1940 to 2,787,030 in 1950, found a strange explanation. The General Office of Statistics revealed that back in 1921 the figures had been increased by 15 per cent to 2,004,900, to cover presumed omissions, and in 1940 the government then in power padded the total by 900,000.

The last ten years have seen a new surge of interest in the statistical field in the American countries. Considerable progress has been made, but there is still much to be done to supply educators, city planners, public health officials, economists, and others with accurate and complete data.



voices of the



Three continents contribute to South America's music

Carlos Vega

THE CONTINENTS INVADIED by Western culture since the sixteenth century are musically rich, for along with their primitive native inheritance they have stored up successive imports from Europe. Among these new continents, including the unexplored areas of Asia and Africa, the lands of America are unique in possessing an additional legacy—the contribution of the African slaves. South American music, then, is formed from these three basic elements and the many blends of two or all of them.

At the time of the discovery, hundreds of tribes peopled South America. Each tribe—generally at night—raised strange and enduring songs, and the community danced to their rhythms. Not many aboriginal groups have survived the Conquest and colonization. Some in the central jungle region remain almost uncontaminated. But those near the centers of European culture have felt the influence of the white man in varying degrees. The aborigines who have had contact with whites have quickly

adopted European material values—dress, utensils, techniques—but even those who take up the Iberian languages and observe the forms of the official religion remain faithful to their ancient spiritual values, especially their music. So musical survivals are more numerous and important than their strong acculturation would indicate.

The Indians of America were far from a homogeneous mass. They were—and are—of many cultural classifications, economic levels, languages. But musicological examination reveals a less complicated panorama. Simplifying as much as possible, we can divide it into a primitive level for all the different low or middle groups; a second level, higher than the first; and a third, further evolved, corresponding to Indians of “high culture.”

The forced consolidation of groups into the primitive level, let me emphasize, is made on the basis of broad general characteristics—like saying all Chinese are alike

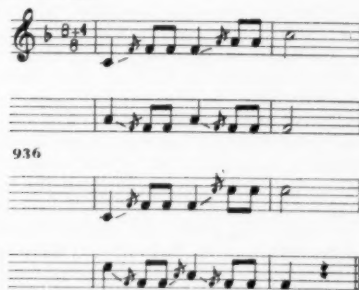
south

—for a breakdown of groups neither related nor neighboring reveals some significant differences. Usually, their songs, almost always performed by choruses for dancing or ceremonies, repeat short themes over and over, but not in a regular pattern. I have heard them in the jungle and danced with the singers. Every night the young people meet in a clearing in the forest; men and women—not in pairs—form a circle, their arms waist-high behind those next to them, holding hands not with their neighbors but with those next but one, and break into song; the circle revolves to the music or opens into a line. They step to the side with the left foot and bring the right to join it. Nothing could be simpler. But one winter night—warmish in the tropics—the dance particularly impressed me: they were dancing before a bonfire, and from a distance one saw only silhouettes in rapid motion against the light. It is difficult to explain the curious dizziness the spectacle aroused.

Melody No. 1, a dance of the Mataco Indians of the Argentine Chaco, will give an idea of this primitive music:



To the middle level belong a few groups of half-lost farmers dispersed in "islands" from the Argentine northwest and ranging to Peru. The outstanding characteristic of their music is the use of a three-note scale whose intervals coincide with those of our major triad—*do-mi-sol*. It may be choral or individual, sometimes instrumental, music. When sung, it remains pure only in the order of notes, for its association with Spanish poetic forms imposes a rhythmic structure foreign to the primitive melodies. The style, based on *portamento*—that is, sliding from one note to the next—is peculiar. I have seen it many times and have also joined the circle myself. These Indians, who went about fully dressed even in pre-Hispanic times, today wear sandals (*ojotes*), trousers, jackets, and often a poncho. Their circle is similar to the primitive, but is slow, almost lugubrious. Intoxicated, intent, they still carry in their hands corn tassels or plant branches, carry-overs from the ancient agrarian rite. Two, three, or more strike a drum and sing different couplets successively or together, in total confusion, producing a distressing impression. Outside the group, individually, they also sing traditional couplets or improvised texts, which are seldom cheerful. And this is on their festival days, especially during Carnival. Musical illustration No. 2 is a song written in the characteristic three notes:



Finally, the third level is made up of the peoples who belonged to the Inca Empire. The elements of their aboriginal music are the pentatonic scale with its five

modes, exclusive use of two-beat measure, a single vocal or instrumental melodic line accompanied by drums and so on, regular periods of four or eight verses and repetition with small variations—an esthetic product perfectly accessible to European sensibilities. It is generally believed that the music of these aborigines is sad, but in my travels through their villages I found almost nothing but lively, bouncy melodies—if not always very happy, hardly ever sad. Modern repertoires differ, of course, from the ancient. Some regions of Bolivia and the Argentine northwest retain pentatonic melodies of an archaic flavor that probably were once more widely dispersed. Almost all the “modern” ones I have collected have been composed in a single pentatonic mode; those of ancient flavor, on the other hand, are produced in the other four. In spite of the powerful influence of the republican cities of the Andes, pure aboriginal melodies are found almost all over Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and the upper northwest of Argentina, as soon as the more Europeanized centers are left behind. It must be remembered that in Peru and Bolivia the percentage of Europeans is still very small. Melody No. 3 is a *queña* solo we recorded in Peru:



It is worth noting that the musical expression of the lower aborigines lives with the Indians, dies when they die, lingers as a memory if the group is absorbed into the rural population and disappears with the next generation, but never overflows or mixes with the songs of the *criollos* of European origin. On the other hand, the tritonic or pentatonic music of the higher aborigines survives with the descendants and forms various blends with music of the smaller towns and countryside.

African music fares diversely in South America. Its zone of operation or survival—apart from the curving chain of Caribbean islands—is a coastal fringe that caps the whole northern part, more or less wide in the north and toward Brazil, narrow toward Peru. There were Africans everywhere, but both the men and their music are almost completely absent from the southern countries—Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Bolivia, and Paraguay. Yet where they occur, the negro survivals appear in every degree, from the pure or nearly pure original primitive expression to the barely perceptible emotional or temperamental shading that sometimes slips into European or *criollo* forms. Often, even in the negro regions, what the descendants of slaves perform is not African, even though negro or Afro-American instru-

ments and style shine in the playing. In any case, since Afro-American research has made available little material on records, it is impossible to do more than generalize.

Depending on the country, the Africans and their descendants of mixed blood belong to the upper, middle, or lower social classes. Naturally, those in the middle and upper classes and a good many of the common people cultivate the European musical repertoire in more or less modified versions. But there are village and rural nuclei whose songs preserve, in differing degrees, the unique characteristics of Africa, sometimes the result of direct importation in the old days, sometimes because, when the tribes became almost completely mixed, the ways of the most influential negro groups were adopted. In other words, a musician of Congo origin may play not his primitive music but that of another negro group of different origin.

The African expressions showing the least outside influence are produced at rituals or at more or less ceremonial festivals. The base is generally a group of drums of several sizes. The soloist intones dense phrases on them to which the chorus responds. Pentatonic fragments and the quartertone are not infrequent. In these performances there is warmth, vitality, and intensity.

However often it may be claimed, the lyric and choreographic songs of South American *criollos* as a rule have nothing to do with the regional or folkloric music of Spain. Usually they are ancient songs and dances of the European upper classes. Oddly enough, the music is much older than the dances performed in time to them. In South America there is European music dating from as far back as the thirteenth century and up to the nineteenth. On the other hand, with very few exceptions, the choreography of the folkloric dances came from Europe between the beginning of the eighteenth century and the middle of the nineteenth. They are minuetts or gavottes, contradances or amorous pantomimes (in which



Colorado Indians of Ecuador help make America's music unique

traces of the sixteenth century appear), and dances of joined couples like the polka and the mazurka, all changed by contact with the people. Several broad categories may be defined in this music, some of European, others of unknown, origin. Two of these are by far the most important.

Despite the length of time since the discovery, little more than the coastal edges of South America have been thickly settled by European immigration except in Argentina, where, because of the narrowing of the continent, the two edges meet in the middle. In the wide part the coasts are separated by vast, virtually unknown territories still peopled by Indians. Two great *cancioneros* or bodies of related music correspond to these spreading seacoasts. I call "Western" the one that extends the length of the Pacific coast, and "Eastern" that of



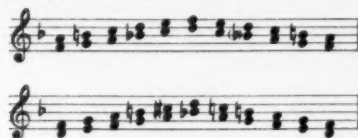
Unwieldy Bolivian jungle trumpet looks like pan-pipes, bears weird name of 'thiayra-puhuru'

the Atlantic coast. Politically, the principal center of the Western *cancionero* is in Peru; of the Eastern, in Brazil and the Antilles. Now and then the wings of sudden success have brought examples of the Western *cancionero* to the Atlantic and of the Eastern to the Pacific, but their presence in the other zone has always been transitory. The "habitat" of each *cancionero* is defined by centuries-long residence.

Describing a *cancionero* briefly is difficult. The mere fact of its lasting has led to changes that are not always universal; during its wandering through space it responds to purely regional influences that determine local styles and even forms; through temporary ascent to the upper classes it incorporates new elements. It is hard to find a criterion for a *cancionero* that will avoid introducing divisions and subdivisions without end until each song turns out to be a *cancionero*. But the major groups can be recognized by a few essential characteristics.

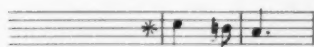
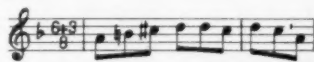
The nucleus of the Western *cancionero* has strong ancient characteristics. Its tonal system is made up of the association of two scales, a major and a minor. The major scale is the same as the European C-major scale, but with an augmented fourth (i.e., F-sharp) ascending and descending; the minor scale has the same intervals as the European "melodic minor," but preserves the major sixth in descending. All the music of this *cancionero* uses both major and minor modes, is composed in

parallel thirds, and ends in the minor. It chooses from and blends, then, both these scales:

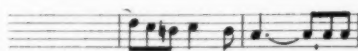
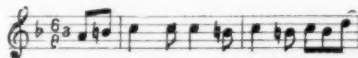
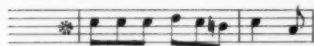
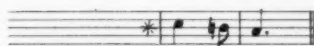
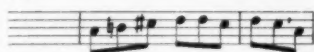


In general, the melodic scheme of the Western *cancionero* is diatonic, but in some changing notes the chromatic creeps in. As to rhythm, the nucleus of the Western *cancionero* uses ternary measure exclusively and in only five or six different patterns, but the combinations of phrases formed with them are endless. This is in its pure state; the exceptions—the product of evolution and mixture—produce a variation we shall take up later.

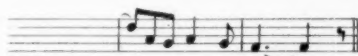
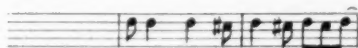
Melodies Nos. 5 and 6 illustrate many of these characteristics.



904



973



Complementing them is a harmonic accompaniment generally handled by a guitar and sometimes by the antique harp. This harmony consists of only five chords. The harmonic laws of this *cancionero* are European, but in an elementary state and with certain peculiarities. The

(Continued on page 41)



walk way

The lure of the open road

James H. Webb, Jr.

"SPEAKING AS A VETERAN HIKER," I said to Old Ironlegs as we were having a final handshake, "how would you like to live in Tegucigalpa?"

Frowning at the impropriety of suggesting he settle anywhere, he closed one hand over his bearded chin, looked up the hill spotted with pastel-colored adobe houses to palm-bordered La Leona Park and on beyond to El Picacho mountain, took a deep breath of the 63° atmosphere, and replied: "Funny, I've been thinking about that very thing. Maybe I'll come back here some day and retire."

With that statement, amazing in view of the obscurity surrounding what he planned to retire from, my fellow-gringo and kindred soul was away on another leg of his 1,500-mile stroll to Panama, carrying both his small blanket roll and his sixty-six years lightly. His new shoes

and the bulge in his stomach, contributed by my United States Embassy colleagues and myself, may have influenced his decision, but I doubt it.

As an amateur hiker, I was delighted at the decision of the family board of directors—consisting of three hikers and a yearling who showed promise—to take advantage of an opportunity to return for a second tour of duty at this little-known capital tucked away in the Central American highlands. Although hardly a motorist's dream, Tegucigalpa is considered by hikers as pretty close to perfection. The ingredients: a charming Spanish colonial city with hilly cobbled streets; a tiny, concentrated metropolitan center permitting immediate exit to rural hiking territory without benefit of car or bus; one of the most agreeable climates in the world; innumerable hills and mountains within a radius of a



this

Honduras

few miles, ranging in height from a hundred to a thousand or more feet above the city's 3,200-foot level; rivers with swimming holes offering seclusion for plunges in the raw, or adjacent bushes for the benefit of mixed groups; deep blue tropical skies and, from May to January, brilliant green landscapes.

Add an economic pattern in which inflation has been more moderate than in some other Latin American capitals, and people who will like you if convinced you like them, and the person whose favorite fun is clubless, ball-less golf on a forty-thousand-yard course has something in "Te-goose."

No one appreciates the hiking possibilities of Tegucigalpa more than its own citizens. My walking companions have for the most part been local people, as eager as I to spend Sunday in the simple, inexpensive, and

A popular Sunday stroll in Tegucigalpa leads up these seventy-nine stone steps to La Leona Park

aesthetically stimulating recreation to which the region so admirably lends itself. For more than a year I was a privileged and enthusiastic member of the "Club 11" ("11" representing the two roughly parallel lines formed by extended human legs), a group of young Hondurans who took walks the first and third Sundays of each month, alternating between short strolls in which social activities such as games, swimming, and group singing to guitar music, took precedence; and longer trips in which the hike itself was the main objective. Numbers present varied from five or six to well over a hundred.

A Honduran troop of Boy Scouts goes hiking and camping on weekends. And practically any Sunday you can see Tegucigalpa's two most inveterate hikers—Don Pomilio Ortega, Director General of Agriculture, educator and folklorist, and Professor Luis Landa, scientist and historian—climbing together on one of the hills surrounding the city. Both, although spiritually young, are well beyond their chronological youth. Professor Landa, in fact, is in a class with Old Ironlegs. But the day we found thirty or forty people waiting their turn on a ten-passenger elevator to get to a fifth-floor function, he surveyed the situation with mild contempt and struck out with me for the stairs.

Tegucigalpa offers interesting before-breakfast strolls, half-day walks, all-day-with-lunch and overnight-with-hammock hikes, car-plus-foot combinations, and cross-country treks by foot or saddle. While Everest-climbers will hardly be interested in these nursery pastimes, there is even something for them to consider. Forty-five minutes from Tegucigalpa by air is Pico Bonito, rising to 8,100 feet, covered with thickets and cloud forests, and flanked by immense canyons. According to recorded history, this impressive peak had never been scaled until April of this year, when a small group of Hondurans from La Ceiba, after more than a year of preparation, planted the national flag on the summit. The round trip took twelve days. Other Honduran mountains with heights up to 9,500 feet have been conquered with less difficulty.

The capital itself, although it has only seventy thousand people and appears smaller than a city of that size in the United States, is good for a different walk every day for a month or more. Established in 1579 as a mining center and designed without consideration for bulging, mid-twentieth-century sedans, its picturesque streets wind over hills stimulating to both leg and eye muscles. La Leona park, reached by zigzagging, cobblestone streets or by seventy-nine stone steps that lead past the Alpine chalet of the Swiss consul and his family, overlooks the center of the red-roofed city, which is dominated by the fine old cathedral. Colorful La Concordia park, on the banks of the Choluteca River, is expertly and tastefully landscaped in Mayan motifs.

Within an hour of the center of town, the hiker can watch clothes being scrubbed and dried on the riverbanks; or he may admire the city from elevations ranging up to 4,200-foot El Picacho. Tegucigalpa at a distance has been compared to a toy village in a *nacimiento*, or Nativity scene.

El Picacho is the most impressive and the most popular objective for short hikes. The summit can be reached in one hour at a fairly brisk pace with little rest, up a steep path (the highway is unnecessarily long, and, like most motor roads, is not the most interesting route). On top there are playgrounds, picnic grottoes and pavilions, barbecue pits, a softball diamond, and a wealth of pine trees in the "Park of the United Nations," dedicated in 1946. Like Concordia park, it is designed along Mayan lines. It provides the finest of all panoramic views of the city, the airport three miles beyond, the entire surrounding valley, and range after range of rugged mountains in the distance.

Outside the one-hour hiking radius, but still near enough to permit a return for lunch, are the church and village of Suyapa. The twin-spired church, which is on high enough ground to be visible from Tegucigalpa, is the national shrine. In the village, some of the friendliest burros in Central America wander calmly through the square or provoke the impatient motorist on the highway.

The all-day-with-lunch hike permits a wide variety of other choices. One is the Laguna Pedregal, a small lake on a high plateau three or four walking hours to the west. Father José Trinidad Reyes, founder of the University of Honduras, and his friends are said to have made frequent pilgrimages to this spot in the mid-nineteenth century, to recite poetry on the banks of the lake. Another all-day hike leads to El Trigo, a high plateau about the same distance to the north. This walk provides some of the finest scenery to be found, including across-the-valley and down-the-mountain views, respectively, of the villages of Santa Lucía and Pilguín. Or one can go to Oropel for some first-class river swimming, or to Villanueva by way of a little-known natural bridge with a forty-foot span.

The prize package among all-day trips is the village of Santa Lucía, to the northeast. The gleaming white façade of the church, visible from the highway leading to El Picacho, and from El Trigo, begins to tease the moment it is seen. It looks like a brilliant gem in the deep-green setting of its mountain range—especially if flooded by the last rays of a retiring sun. Four fascinating hours over a mule trail, with stupendous scenery all the way, do the trick.

Santa Lucía began as one of the many small mining centers established by the Spaniards in the vicinity of Tegucigalpa. The veins have been exhausted for many years, but producing flowers and vegetables for the capital provides a living for enough inhabitants to save the village from becoming a ghost town. Tegucigalpa-bound women balancing on their heads wide baskets full of calla lilies, carnations, and vegetables, pass the hiker with a friendly "adiós" in the early hours. He will see no automobiles, as there is not a single gasoline-driven cylinder in Santa Lucía.

On an overnight walk one can visit the even more charming Valle de Angeles, another abandoned mining center, on the same trail and slightly more than twice as far as Santa Lucía. A sleeping bag is advisable, since the nights are cold and no public lodging is available.



Winnane Webb,
author's
daughter, on
Picacho
Mountain

Cross-country hikes often involve
precarious balancing on footlogs



Street in Yuscarán, mining center
of early days in Honduras

"Te-goose"
streets have
never lost their
colonial charm



Burros are one
means of getting
about in rural
Honduras



Miniature of
Mayan temple
in the capital's
Concordia Park

Old Ironlegs was an honest soul. He planned to hoof southward from Tegucigalpa to the Pan American Highway, on the Pacific coast, and continue to Panama. But, since he had entered Honduras directly from Guatemala by mountain trail and wanted to see San Salvador, he planned to backtrack via bus to and from that capital, and then resume the hike. That, he explained, would not be cheating.

I sympathize with his refusal to adopt an attitude of rigid purism that would have prohibited maintenance of diplomatic relations with the gasoline motor. While keeping it in its merited low place, one should not minimize its value as auxiliary transportation. It provides many additional possibilities, and as long as its services are merely supplementary there is no reason for not using them. So, while I still say that Tegucigalpa is an ideal spot for hikers who prefer to be entirely independent of gasoline, it seems appropriate to mention a few points of interest that can be visited on a one-day trip with some help from a bus. Or if the hikers find bus service inconvenient because of irregular hours and the uncertainty of available space for the return trip, they can hire a truck at a dollar or less a head.

The reward for a two-hour drive to the north and a three-hour walk westward into wooded hills is a two-hundred-foot waterfall, which many travelers have glimpsed from the air but few people other than the country folk of the vicinity have seen at close range. From the south coast highway, fifteen to twenty-five miles from Tegucigalpa, one can hike to the Lake of the Fishes and the Hill of Rubber. This hill, topped by a white cross twenty-five feet high, provides exquisite distant views of the capital to the north and the Gulf of Fonseca to the south. One road to the north leads to the Rosario mine—largest in Honduras—which is located on the side of a mountain in one of the country's most dramatic settings. Climbs up La Tigra mountain are begun from this road.

Eastward from Tegucigalpa are other interesting goals. An hour's climb to the summit of the long-extinct volcano Uyuca, fifteen miles out, gives the hiker a glimpse of many other peaks in Nicaragua and El Salvador. The United Fruit Company's thousand-acre Pan American Agricultural School, popularly called "Zamorano" after the valley in which it is located, is ten miles farther along the same road. From the hiker's point of view, this interesting philanthropic venture is important mainly as the starting point for a trip to the biggest prize of all—San Antonio del Oriente, four miles up a winding, precipice-flanked trail into the surrounding pine-covered hills.

Colonial San Antonio, another abandoned mining center, has everything: tile-roofed adobe houses; winding, hilly, cobblestone streets; a central spring providing water and public laundry facilities. All this is dominated by a white church and cupped into a little valley between hills, some wooded and others of bare rock, spotted with occasional holes where diggings have recently been made for precious metals. Such undesirable features as motor cars (although jeeps make the trip

(Continued on page 42)



Young hikers near Tegucigalpa



Picnic pavilion atop El Picacho specializes in sweeping views



Left: Tegucigalpa rooftops. Its 3,200-foot elevation gives city a bracing climate



Below: Tegucigalpa's handsome Cathedral of San Miguel was completed in 1782



Public Park in Danlí, a small town east of the capital

U. S. sharing of technical
skills goes under microscope
at Stanford



G UIDES TO POINT 4

THE WHOLE VAST and intricate machinery for sharing U.S. technical skills came up for scrutiny at Stanford in June when the university held its yearly conference on Latin America. Businessmen, professors, and government agents engaged in dispensing technical assistance through underdeveloped areas of the Western Hemisphere were invited to sit down together and compare notes during the three-day session. People like Nelson Rockefeller, whose name has become almost synonymous with programs to help others help themselves, came to report upon what he calls "partners in progress." One of the outstanding Latin Americans on hand was Dr. José Figueres, Costa Rican farmer and ex-President. Among government participants were top administrators from the U.S. Institute of Inter-American Affairs, the pioneering agency that has already piled up nine years of experience in spreading U.S. techniques below the border.

Ever since President Truman sparked the idea for "a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas..." Point Four plans have multiplied like rabbits. By now U.S. technical know-how is channeled to the rest of the world through the United Nations, the Organization of American States, and through bilateral agreements with individual countries, all coordinated under the Technical Cooperation Administration headed by Dr. Henry Garland Bennett.

The Stanford Conference not only went into the actual need for Point Four help in the various countries—in industry, agriculture, power, transportation, and the like—but gave methods of financing and obstacles like psychological and cultural barriers a going-over. They searched for answers to questions like these: Should the U.S. Government help Latin American countries develop waterpower and mineral resources or might such a

program better be undertaken by private industry? Do Latin American countries want the cooperation of U.S. private capital? Should the Point Four program help finance actual production or only prospecting and exploration? Would exploitation of large quantities of metals in Latin America be detrimental to U.S. private industry? If so, should aid be restricted to minerals that are scarce in the U.S.A.?

Few question any longer the basic aims of the Point Four program. But setting the goals is one thing; reaching them is another. Kenneth Iverson, president of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, pointed this up when he asked the other conferees: "If you were an official of the United States Government, how would you proceed to assist the governments of the other American republics to construct dikes, drain swamps, spray infested areas, provide new public health and sanitation facilities, expand agricultural activities and produce more food, train administrators for public service. . . ?" Bear in mind, he told his audience, that the work is to be performed in a country where you are a foreigner and your own country is a foreign sovereignty. Suppose the situation were reversed; ask yourself how you would like to be approached as the recipient of foreign aid.

In this spirit the IIAA over the years has worked out the *servicio* system, a partnership arrangement in which technicians from the United States and Latin America work side by side to build an irrigation ditch, run a transportation system, graft plants, operate tractors, or teach the less skilled their specialty. No two *servicio* organizations are exactly alike—each is custom-built to fit the needs of a particular situation. As an independent agency (even though it is generally set up within a government ministry), the *servicio* usually has a U.S. director but employs mostly local personnel. In one typical agricultural *servicio* there are eleven North

Americans to about four hundred trained Latin Americans, not including laborers. A so-called "basic agreement" between the two governments largely determines the broad general pattern for cooperation. Goals are mostly long-range, with U.S. participation gradually tapering off and the host government assuming more and more responsibility. Little by little, Latin American financial contributions have been stepped up to an average ratio of eight to one.

Rey M. Hill, associate director of IIAA's Food Supply Division, discussed an Institute approach that may prove most acceptable to local governments, most easily transferable to private enterprise, and most likely to terminate dependence on the United States: to make land development attractive to local investors. "There is probably no nation so backward that there is not a substantial block of lazy capital, or capital invested in some other apparently more stabilized country, because the people who have wealth frequently lack the vision or technical comprehension to invest their money in their own country in safe and productive enterprises. This problem of keeping local money at home, or of bringing it out of hiding so that it can begin to add its economic force to the development of a country, must be regarded as a very important step in future technical aid activity."

To demonstrate such economic development through investment, an agricultural *servicio* in Peru cleared a twenty-thousand-acre patch of jungle and converted it into productive farm and cattle land. Instead of trying out new methods or doing experimental work, the *servicio* treated the \$135,000 made available for the project by the Peruvian Government exactly as if invested by private business, using the best known managerial practices and, insofar as possible, modern techniques available in Peru. Still in its first year, the farm has already produced crops from the jungle whose value exceeded 50 per cent of the total cost of clearing and planting.

"Not all of our *servicios* have succeeded in all the things they have attempted," Dr. H. van Zile Hyde, director of the Institute's Health and Sanitation Division,

reported. "But our batting average is rising steadily. Where we have failed or only partly succeeded, it has not been because we have failed to demonstrate. We have failed to motivate." As a gratifying example of successful motivation, he cited an experiment in El Salvador, where the *servicio* boosted the salaries of many trained men in the national health service and gave them an opportunity to demonstrate what they could do on a full-time basis. Convinced by this demonstration, the government is now continuing the group in service on a full-time basis on its own budget.

For the most part, the Institute's work has been concentrated in the fields of agriculture, sanitation and health, and education. Conferees heard how one buttresses the other from Educational Director Willfred O. Mauck.

"To help make peoples stronger, more self-sufficient, less dependent upon their stronger neighbors," he said, is possible only "by helping the less-developed nations to improve their own capacity for doing the job themselves, by themselves, for themselves; in other words, through education." He pointed out that foreign technicians may put on a whirlwind public health campaign to clean up malarial areas or combat yellow fever. But the money spent and the supplies used up are wasted unless local people are trained to carry on. At the same time, he warned, "men cannot progress if they are so ignorant and so illiterate that they are in no position to learn to live better, to understand new techniques, even to understand concepts of patriotism, to say nothing of democracy." So technical assistance must go farther and embrace mass education. This, in turn, calls for machinery "to keep the effort moving, to keep the new literates literate."

Any program of assistance, according to Dr. Mauck, should be based on these fundamental assumptions: The effort should concentrate on improving educational systems. It should be aimed at national development of national systems. The goal should be to prepare children for life. Equipment, tools, textbooks, and buildings are necessary, but the use to which they are put is more important. Programs should be designed for permanent improvements. Closer relationships between the school and the national government and community should be encouraged. Technical aid should be geared to existing or attainable local and national resources, rather than to foreign resources introduced during the term of the program. All of this takes time, Dr. Mauck admitted, and in such a program diplomatic negotiation and protocol, even finances, are as nothing compared to the patience, humility, understanding, and hard work required.

Recently, the Institute of Inter-American Affairs was incorporated into the larger Point Four program so that once again the Western Hemisphere has set the pattern for worldwide action. The type of international planning implicit in the *servicio* method avoids any taint of intervention, emphasizes reciprocity, and builds a mutual sense of responsibility, confidence, and respect. For that reason, if for no other, it deserves serious study by Point Four architects of the future.



Guatemalan agriculture students study soil with U.S. technicians

RADIO AND RECORDS

Weekly Pan American Union Radio Programs:

PAN AMERICAN PARTY
American Broadcasting Company
Saturday 3:00 p.m. E.D.T.
PANAMERICANA
WGMS, Washington, D.C.
570 Kilocycles
Saturday 4:30 p.m. E.D.T.

PAN AMERICAN SERENADES
Continental FM Network
Friday 8:30 p.m. E.D.T.

BOLERO versus MAMBO

As commercial recordings of Latin American music go in this country and abroad, the bolero is still king, with the *ranchera* running a close second and the mambo trailing far behind in third place. While there is no question that the jitterbugging generation hails the mambo as a long-awaited, happy blending of styles, older enthusiasts of Latin American music, who love it for its sweet melodies and its smooth lyrics, resist and resent the mambo. Since from all indications the bolero is here to stay and the mambo has been well received by the dancing public, a hybrid—the bolero-mambo, now also in vogue—may, in the long run, be the most acceptable compromise. And it will not be too much of a compromise, either. The bolero, as we hear and dance it now, is quite different from the sweet, rhythmically uneven bolero that was born in Santiago de Cuba at the beginning of this century and reached its peak in Havana in the early 'thirties.

The current controversy between rumba and mambo orchestra leaders is really a quarrel between *boleristas* and *mambolistas*, since most of the so-called rumbas we hear are old, sometimes ancient, boleros in dance tempo. The smoother, more sophisticated modern boleros are now coming from Mexico City. They are soft, with complicated close harmonies and subdued tones of electric organs and guitars—a far cry from the strumming and shouting that characterized the bolero in its golden age.

FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY

The following listings were chosen by PAU radio specialist Alberto Pla from some two hundred recordings representing the very latest releases of modern Latin American music.

MARIA DOLORES, bolero
Victor (23-5446) with those balladeers from Spain, Los Ruiseñores, and a feminine chorus, in the modern style.

Verne (V-0643) in an excellent straight rendition by Puerto Rico's Johnny Albino and his San Juan Trio.
Seeco (7096) vocal by Bobby Capó at his best and the Puerto Rican Siboney Orchestra.

CONDICION, bolero
Victor (23-5376) with Los Tres Diamantes, the Mexican singing trio famous for its boleros.

EL BAILE DEL PINGUINO, guaracha. A lively novelty number—the hit of the season.

Victor (23-5418) with the King of Drums, Tito Puente, and his orchestra.

Decca (21-348) with the Conjunto Casino, from Cuba.
Columbia (6635) with vocal by the new recording artist Moscovita, accompanied by the Memo Salamanca Orchestra.

ADIOS, MARGARITA, ranchera
Decca (10561) the nicest *ranchera* in quite a while; done by the Los Conquistadores Trio of Mexico.

CANCION DE LOS VAQUEROS, ranchera

Victor (23-5433) Mexico's popular Jorge Negrete and the Calaveras Trio in a superb performance, modern style, of a fascinating tune.

QUE LINDA VIENE, rumba

Landia (78-5039) revives an old Cuban melody in a modern arrangement, with mambo overtones, by the Dominican Damián and his piano.

MAMBO DEL 65, mambo

Victor (23-5468) presents the Cuban "King of Mambo" Dámaso Pérez Prado at his best in a number dedicated to the Puerto Rican 65th Regiment, now in Korea.

MAMBO EN VERACRUZ, mambo

Seeco (7081), with Bobby Capó of Puerto Rico and the Siboney Orchestra.

MAMBO FOBIA, mambo

Spanish Music Center (SMC 1289) offers a good dance tune by Eddie Carbia and his *mamboleros*.

DISASTER STRIKES THE MIDLANDS

(Continued from page 5)

Terrible as the property damage was, it could not compare with the human misery. The washed-out residents of Armourdale and Argentine, most of them in the lower middle class, seemed beaten. A middle-aged laborer went by boat to inspect his wrecked home. "My God," he cried, "why did this happen? I worked all my life for that house for my family. Now it is gone."

A mother looked at her children. "At least we are alive and safe, but where will we live, where can we go?"

But out of this grief was born courage, determination to build a better life out of disaster. Rapidly the homeless, the city's leaders, the businessmen, the farmers banded together to get back on their feet.

First the immediate safety of all had to be guaranteed. Disaster emergency headquarters were established on the twentieth floor of the City Hall. Stringent traffic regulations were set up, and orders were issued to boil all water for drinking or cooking.

The flood had broken into one of three pumping stations in the metropolitan area, severely restricting the water supply and causing a drop in pressure. In many sections of Greater Kansas City there was no water at all, so it had to be brought in by tank trucks and distributed to housewives and children who carried pails and pans.

One of the most heroic incidents was the fight that saved a water station. Thousands of men—soldiers of the Missouri and Kansas national guards, businessmen, and laborers—worked for twenty-four hours, stacking sandbags to hold back the water from a plant that serves 145,000 residents.

By July 16, the recalcitrant waters had begun to recede slowly, and next day a few areas were clear. Then began the seemingly impossible job of cleaning up.

The city's business leaders and union men banded together to organize Disaster Corps, Inc., a municipal organization with the job of speedily eliminating health hazards by removing the thousands of dead animals, spraying areas with chemicals to prevent the spread of disease, and so on. The men worked at wages much lower than their normal pay scales, and in less than a week had completed their task. Typhoid inoculations were given to tens of thousands, and chlorine tablets

for purifying water were distributed free.

Less than two days after the flood crests had passed, plans were under way to establish a vast flood control system to prevent another such disaster from striking.

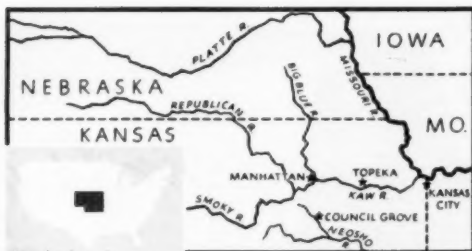
"Never again" became the rallying cry, first sounded in a front-page editorial of the *Kansas City Star*. Many plans for flood control and for development of the vast Missouri River basin, reaching on up from Missouri and Kansas to Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, and Montana, had been proposed and hotly debated in the past, in and out of Congress.

The most specific of the existing plans is what is known as the Pick-Sloan Plan. This is a combination of earlier ideas of the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation, principally concerned with irrigation, and of the U.S. Army's Corps of Engineers, interested in flood control and river navigation. It calls for 150 multi-purpose dams throughout the area, irrigation and power development, and deepening the Missouri channel for navigation to Sioux City, Iowa. The idea is to maintain reservoirs behind the dams at low water levels so they can hold back the water coming from excessive rains and release it gradually. About 40 per cent of the program has been authorized by Congress. There has been opposition from farmers who don't want to see their land go under reservoirs, and from others on grounds of expense or inadequacy.

Conservationists emphasize keeping the water near where it falls, by contour plowing and adequate ground coverage with suitable crops, grass, or forest. This involves careful management to prevent rapid and dangerous run-off of surface water—and resulting erosion—from slopes bared by careless plowing, over-grazing or deforestation. To supplement the Pick-Sloan dams and levees, the Agriculture Department has proposed a re-seeding and conservation scheme, with construction of thousands of small upstream dams and farm ponds.

But conflicting interests of irrigation, navigation, power production, flood control, and maintenance of farm acreage vastly complicate the problem. A dam location that serves one desirable end may hinder another. So still others have urged establishment of something like the Tennessee Valley Authority for the Missouri basin, or at least a unified plan to integrate efforts in these various fields of development, reconciling opposing views as far as possible. The MVA idea has met vigorous opposition on political grounds.

After the flood, people up and down the river valleys were more convinced than ever that something must be done, that such destruction must never be repeated. The proposed solutions were again the subject of national



Where the flood struck. Position of affected area is shown in black on small map of United States.

attention. The governors of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska quickly met with army engineers in Kansas City to outline action. Meanwhile, Congress took up new legislation for flood control appropriations.

While the long-range plans for dams and reservoirs were being fashioned, the immediate relief work for washed-out families began. Representatives of thirty federal agencies met with local businessmen and other citizens to establish temporary housing and adopt a plan for new floodproof permanent housing for the victims.

After a special flight over the flooded areas, President Truman said he had never seen such destruction. Deeply concerned, he appealed to Congress for fifteen million dollars to help the victims of the rampant streams. Congress appropriated twenty-five million.

A vast "trailer city" set up on a golf course provided comfortable temporary quarters for some of those whose homes were crumbled by the waters, while others lived temporarily in schools and churches. Within fourteen months these flood victims will be able to leave the temporary facilities for quarters in fine new apartment buildings. A plan has been developed to construct twenty-two eleven-story apartment buildings in the area where homes were destroyed.

To be built at a cost of twenty-two million dollars, the apartments will rent at low rates. For those who prefer to buy instead of rent, there will be units for sale at seven thousand dollars each.

This vast housing plan, to be completed by the fall of 1952, will give most of the flood victims better housing than they had before the disaster.

Supplementing the work of the Disaster Corps, the army engineers set about digging the debris and silt out of the flood-ravaged areas. An army colonel, a veteran of action in World War II, said of the damage: "I saw plenty of devastation in the war, but I have never seen anything like this. These flooded areas look as if somebody set up a battery of artillery pieces and spent a week shooting 105-mm. shells in there."

Working day and night, clean-up crews cleared away mud that in some places was three feet deep. It covered precision machinery, dies and stamping machines, packaging devices, and electric motors. In four weeks all the main streets in the affected areas had been reopened to traffic, and many businesses were resuming operations.

In the smaller cities and towns of the Missouri and

(Continued on page 42)



Dr. Joseph Statten examines victim of one of worst disasters in U.S. history



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

ONE MAJOR SECTION of the International Bank's Currie report on the Colombian economy (see "Colombia's Five-Year Plan," July 1951 AMERICAS) is devoted to agriculture—to ways of expanding the production not only of cash crops but of essential food for the people. That more than production is involved in improving the way Colombians—and people everywhere—eat is the theme of an article by Jorge Bejarano in the Colombian university bi-monthly *Universidad de Antioquia*:

"A thorough study of nutrition in this country is impossible, because the facts needed to establish the precise eating habits of the majority of Colombians are missing. Almost all food consumption is uncontrolled; only the production and consumption of meat, sugar, and *panela* are recorded at all. No one can say how much milk, bread, eggs, cheese, butter, fruit, or vegetables, for example, is consumed annually. These data could easily be gathered in the more important cities, but in the country they remain inaccessible.

"The quality may be acceptable in many regions of the country. Bogotá and the highland cities in general have an abundant and varied market. Milk, bread, cheese, vegetables—so scarce in the mild and hot climates—are plentiful here throughout the year. The same may be said of fruits. In quantity and variety, the Bogotá market surpasses any of Europe's best. But all

these advantages are nullified by inveterate habits of rich or heavy food, the national defect of dietary rigidity. Lunch and dinner are made up of starchy foods. Both end with a liberal quantity of sugar, which upsets digestion.

"Our ways of preparing food are no less deplorable and primitive. A thick coating of grease envelops it, greases from the pig or the ox, generally, which are very difficult to digest. To this we might add the lack of sanitary control over foods that can cause serious consequences if decayed or adulterated. Thus the fact that in broad sections of the country—in the *llanos*, for example, [that rich region that produces thousands of head of cattle]—there is trade in and consumption of rotted meats. . . . Nor do the people of the *llanos* know the value of milk, an equally paradoxical fact in a region dedicated exclusively to stock-raising.

"The diet characteristics of other sections of the country are no more consoling. Everywhere ignorance and indifference predominate. The general picture of Colombian nutrition may be summarized as follows: overconsumption of starches and sugars; underconsumption of protein and fats, of products like milk and its derivatives, of eggs, of fruits and vegetables; overconsumption of alcohol, in some sections; obviously insufficient daily caloric intake, which ought not to be under three thousand; extremely bad

quality of some foods and lack of safe drinking water in almost eight hundred towns."

Bejarano emphasizes that the problem of dietary deficiencies is more than a personal, a local, or even a national one. It is international in scope, and was so recognized by the

PRECOCIDAD

Por Freyre



—¿Cómo se llaman los animales que comen carne?
—Millonarios.

(De "Exclúder")

They have the same troubles in Mexico. Teacher: "What do we call animals that eat meat?" Student: "Millionaires."—*Diario de Yucatán*, reprinted from *Excelsior*, Mexico City

League of Nations, which made a number of surveys on nutrition in various European countries—"but clearly these studies had not the slightest

influence on the various countries that were informed of the magnitude of their problem." The few that have acted, he notes, have seen results in terms of "internal peace, progress, and prosperity." Democratic countries may take a hint from the policy of dictatorships: "Totalitarian governments attempt to defend their thesis not with words or promises but with acts that will give them the backing and approval of the people, such as justified intervention in the nutrition problem."

Proper diet, Bejarano believes, "is not merely a question of income but, above all, of education." So it is up to the nation to help its people learn how to eat well, a challenge Colombia is now meeting with "agricultural schools and school gardens in which . . . there is not only technical training in cultivation of the land but practical teaching of good and balanced nutrition." The results Colombia may expect are to be found in the experience of Mexico, says the author, where "the agricultural school has enabled children to introduce a new and varied diet. . . . Fruit, eggs, cheese, vegetables, a variety of meats have replaced in the rural Mexican home the starchy, sugary fare that still prevails among us." The rural Colombian custom of paying part of workers' wages in food might also be taken advantage of, he suggests.

Another reason for the unvarying diet, he says, is "absence of action to stimulate the consumption of certain foods. . . . Such action can come only from the state, which cannot remain indifferent to the fact that some departments do without foods that others produce or that rot for lack of consumers. This would also be a great stimulus to the nation's agriculture, which thus would lay aside its predilection for coffee and pastureage. I have frequently mentioned how interchange of food—not of vices like tobacco, coca, and alcohol—would increase national unity by creating invisible alimentary bonds. Such a stimulus could also lead us in the future to export to other American countries, to which we must inevitably look for our future. . . ." He also favors consumer cooperatives and direct action to keep prices down and supplies plentiful—though there are always those who

"allege the need for high profits at the cost of Colombians' health, [and those who would rather] expound reasons of trade balance and monetary



—The Washington Post

exchange than see that the country is rationally fed and that its good health repays, in the form of work, what was spent on improving its diet."

Finally, as a stopgap measure, he recommends workers' restaurants: "Wherever the collective dining room or restaurant has been tried, the workers' nutrition has improved, and also their performance on the job. It does not escape me that the restaurant for workers has the unquestionable drawback of breaking the secular rite of the family table, and thus alienating the father from his home; but until education has formed a consciousness of sensible nutrition there is no other recourse."

THE WORM'S TURN

PIMENTEL GOMES, a contributor to Rio's *Correio da Manhã* who writes a natural-history column supposedly based on conversations with a knowledgeable friend, got involved with earthworms a few Sundays ago:

"Apegauá opened the letter I delivered to him at the Jurema farm, and

I said, 'They sent it care of me at *Correio da Manhã*, and it's bulky. What's it about?'

"It's from a man named Jaibara—Professor Muru Jaibara—of Sobral, Ceará State."

"What does he have to say?"

"Well, he read my 'Mysteries of the Earthworm,' and liked it. He says he's been observing nature on the farm he owns in the suburbs, a farm named Silvilândia, on the banks of the Acaraú River."

"Tell me."

"Seems that in the wet season, whenever you stir up good, fertile alluvial land you find dozens of busy earthworms. In the dry season, it's different. They're curled up in knots, so that it's hard to discover their extremities, and a whitish film covers them. Life is suspended so they can resist the dry spell. When it rains, the water makes them return to normal activity. That way, they've solved an apparently insoluble problem."

"Interesting. . . . How do they bore into the earth?"



"Didn't she like her portrait?" "No, she thought it was too conservative." —*Jornal de Letras, Rio de Janeiro*

"In two ways. If the soil is soft, they push the particles away with their heads, which are more or less cone-shaped. If it's clayey, hard, or full of roots, they swallow earth as they go along. For this purpose they're endowed with a kind of gizzard, with little stones inside to pulverize the earth. Then they go up to the surface again and spit out the pasty dust. In this way they open up tunnels two yards long or even more. At the end of the tunnel they build a sort of alcove. To avoid landslides, they cover the walls with an organic cement they

secrete themselves. The ground and the walls they cover with dry leaves, so the chamber will be warmer, softer, and more comfortable.

"Are there a lot of earthworms in Brazil?"

"Oh, yes, wherever the land is fertile. And all kinds, too. One, the mad earthworm, is of Asiatic origin. When exposed to sunlight, its body goes into violent convulsions. There's also a slow-moving, lazy kind. In marshy land you even find earthworms as long as two yards."

"Good heavens! And what do they eat?"

"Organic waste, especially dry leaves. They take them to their tunnel and season them with a fluid they secrete. The leaves become soft and delicious. The earthworm prepares her

they stray too far out of the tunnel, they can't find it again. Then they have to bore another in a hurry, so they'll be sheltered before sunrise. Otherwise some bird might see them and devour them."

"I guess birds *do* like them."

"Yes, but it isn't mutual by any means. Incidentally, the way earthworms reproduce is quite original, too. One of the methods consists of splitting in half. The front half then gets a new rear end, and the rear end gets a new head. So you have two earthworms where before there was only one."

"The guillotine wasn't invented for the benefit of earthworms!"

"But that's merely a cleverly used accident. Actually, earthworms *do* have love affairs, though they're kind of peculiar."



"... Then there's the story of the two Indians who were holding a conversation with smoke signals when suddenly an atom bomb went off. When it was all over, one of them signaled excitedly to the other: 'You took the words right out of my mouth.'"
—O Cruzeiro, Rio de Janeiro

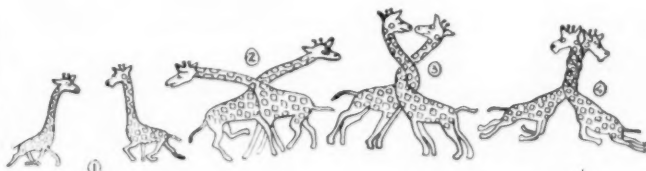


"You tried to commit suicide with this string?" "What do you expect? If I'd used a thicker one, I wouldn't be here telling you about it!"
—La Esfera, Caracas

food as if she were a really good cook."

"Now, now, complications again. And how do they live?"

"During the day they stay in their alcove, resting. At night they come up. With one end of the body still inside the tunnel, they look for dry leaves and take them back into the alcove. If



—Carota, Rio de Janeiro

"Okay, let's hear about them."

"Sometimes you can see a sort of bulge on an earthworm's back. They call it a 'saddle.' It's like a skin ring, quite thick, around a small section of the earthworm's body. Actually it looks a lot more like a belt than a saddle. And it contains the eggs. At the right moment, the saddle is loosened, and the earthworm slips out from under it. The ends of the belt close in, like a little bag, brown and hard, with the eggs inside. It lies abandoned on the ground. Only one of the eggs reaches full maturity. Then comes the baby earthworm, which doesn't know father or mother. Just a little rejected orphan. . . . The earthworm's childhood is long and painful. It lasts about eighteen months."

"Do earthworms live long?"

"They can live for years. And they reproduce all the time."

"But you haven't told me the most

important thing."

"What's that?"

"You haven't told me how Mr. Earthworm goes about courting his dream girl."

"Among earthworms there's no such thing as handsome males and pretty young things."

"What do you mean? No courtship, then? I don't understand."

"Sure, there's courtship. At night, too, on long, poetic walks, with much tenderness, while the enemies sleep."

"I still don't understand."

"But it's easy! Earthworms are hermaphrodites. They belong at once to both sexes. They love like males and females at the same time."

"A double kind of loving?"

"That's it. And because they love doubly, they love a lot."

"Listen, Apegauá! Get me a good strong cup of coffee, in a hurry. I'm all out of breath."

TEACHER TO A CONTINENT

(Continued from page 8)

doza, rector of the Convictorio when the independence leaders were students, gathered at Fray Diego Cisneros's shop.

This helps explain the formation of the *Sociedad Amantes del País* (Society of Friends of the Country), which was incorporated in 1792. The group's intellectual organ, *Mercurio Peruano*, made its appearance on January 2 of that year to hold sway over Peruvian culture. At a time when most authors chose literature or poetry as their subjects, Baquijano y Carrillo wrote for it on the Peruvian economy. The editors met at the university for their discussions, and the most serious scholars of the day published their work in the *Mercurio Peruano*. It presented the theories of Newton, Kepler, Leibnitz, Wolf, Locke, and the Encyclopedists; but at the same time its editors approached Peruvian problems in a Peruvian spirit.

In the eighteenth century, when the university was being suffocated by scholasticism, the Convictorio de San Carlos, allied with San Marcos, became the torch of liberalism, within the limits set by the absolutism of colonial rule. Restless and progressive Toribio Rodríguez de Mendoza headed the Convictorio. He not only changed routine teaching methods but gave the studies new direction, stimulating the students through authors considered politically dangerous. On October 29, 1791, Rodríguez de Mendoza, taking a stand for freedom of education, wrote a protest against Aristotle, whose philosophy was regarded as basic to educational plans and programs. Viceroy Pezuela replied by appointing Don Manuel Pardo Rivadeneira to intervene in the Convictorio. Rodríguez de Mendoza, who was getting along in years, was ailing. Was the viceroy interested in the school, which was said to be deteriorating? No; the inspector was to investigate the courses being offered, the books being read, and the political spirit prevailing among students and professors. On the basis of excuses provided by the report, the important school was closed.

But the Convictorio had already ignited the revolutionary thinking of the key men of independence.

As the wave of liberty advanced in the New World, the men of San Marcos played a heroic role. They were continually involved in conspiracies against the Spanish power. When the Liberators San Martín and Bolívar stepped on Peruvian soil, they found willing helpers among the university students and teachers. Sánchez Carrión, the Peruvian architect, was Bolívar's general secretary and held several of the government ministries during the tragic days of preparation for the victories of Junín and Ayacucho.

After the Liberators finished their work, public institutions were in a state of confusion. All efforts had been concentrated on winning the war against the Spaniards. It was a titanic task, for Peru was the most powerful of Spain's dominions, endowed with money, a class of aristocrats, an organized army, and a bureaucracy from which the native-born had generally stayed apart.

The university led a languid existence, without income and with little cultural activity. Even the building could not be used, for the Constituent Congress was meeting there. Classes were held in the rooms of the Oratorio de San Felipe Neri fathers and in the library of the Convictorio de San Carlos. Nevertheless, on December 24, 1825, the Escuela Central de Humanidades (Central School of Humanities) was inaugurated. General regulations of instruction promulgated on April 7, 1855, made the university a single unit with the old *colegios*. The regulations provided for faculties of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, philosophy and letters, and mathematics and natural sciences. By a decree of September 9, 1855, the Colegio de la Independencia, or San Fernando, became the faculty of medicine.

Caudillo rule, anarchy, and the struggle for power, evils that affected all the Spanish American nations in their formative period, slowed the progress of educational institutions and of culture in general. However, in the midst of this struggle, ideas did not lose their creative force. The Convictorio de San Carlos, which had fallen into decline, received new impulse from the disciplined mind of Dr. Bartolomé Herrera, who became its rector on October 28, 1842. He wanted to see a revival of San Carlos' splendor, although along new lines. Herrera, believing that education should concentrate on the moral development of the boys, introduced Germanic discipline in the classrooms. In contrast to Herrera's adherence to tradition, Pedro Gálvez carried on progressive education in the Colegio de Guadalupe. San Carlos represented the past; Guadalupe the future.

Under the Republic, organized cultural efforts began in the second half of the nineteenth century as political institutions became stabilized. In 1870, metaphysics, the history of philosophy, Spanish, French and English literature, economics, the history of civilization, Peruvian history, philology, and German, Italian, and Greek literature were taught in the faculty of letters at San Marcos, while Peruvian legal institutions were studied in the faculty of law.

Francisco García Calderón, a San Marcos alumnus



In stately
Salón de Grados,
degree candidates
read their
theses
before public
and jury
of examining
professors

who was President of Peru in the unhappy days of the war with Chile, wrote the *Diccionario de Legislación Peruana* (Dictionary of Peruvian Legislation), a monumental work that is still a standard reference book for Peruvian jurists. Another San Marcos student was Manuel González Prada, one of the great nineteenth-century writers whose valor is still an inspiration. Daniel Carrión was still another—that heroic lad who in the seventh year of medical school had a teacher inoculate him with the virus of *verruca* or Oroya fever, sacrificing his life in the search for a cure. It is now known as Carrión's disease in his honor.

Many twentieth-century San Marcos men have made vital contributions to science. Federico Villarreal, for example, who directed the Faculty of Sciences, made advances in mathematics. In 1910, when the world feared a collision between Halley's comet and the earth, Dr. Villarreal showed by mathematical calculations that it would not occur.

The university has also exercised a creative influence in esthetic ideas. San Marcos students have been responsible for the development of literature, men like the García Calderón brothers, Ventura and Francisco, sons of the President. The first is the author of novels and stories, rich in Peruvian motifs, which have attracted attention in Paris and other intellectual centers abroad. Latin America is indebted for profound works in many fields to Francisco García Calderón, essayist, sociologist, philosopher, and critic.

Other intellectuals of world standing who have come out of San Marcos are Dr. Mariano H. Cornejo, author of the advanced 1920 Code of Penal Procedure and a *General Sociology* that was translated into French, winning the praise of eminent French thinkers; historian José de Riva Agüero; and Julio C. Tello, an internationally famed archeologist whose research revealed the existence of previously unknown indigenous civilizations.

At present the university is devoted primarily to professional preparation and scientific investigations. There are faculties of law, letters, education, economic and commercial sciences, pharmacy, biochemistry, chemistry, medicine, dentistry, and veterinary medicine. While the school of engineering and the school of agriculture are somewhat independent, they also form part of the university organization.

San Marcos can be justly proud of its four hundred productive years—of its intellectual gifts to Peru and to America. And in this somber hour it must continue to play a guiding role.

MOUNTAINS AND MANUSCRIPTS

(Continued from page 16)

the talented Carl Brouard, whose pen has been strangely silent for more than a decade, it sings of the Haitian peasant:

You are the pillars of the structure;
Stand aside
And all will crumble, like castles of cards.

With young Roussan Camille, whose poem *Nedjé* has been translated in several languages, it apostrophizes:

the black suburbs of London,
the brothels of Tripoli,
Montmartre,
Harlem,
every pseudo-paradise
where Negroes dance and sing
for others.

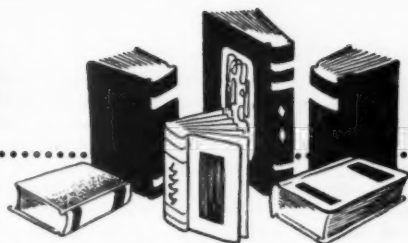
With Jean F. Brierre it speaks of Haitian independence (and the battle at Vertières) and of Haiti's aid to Simón Bolívar:

And you have held at the baptismal font—
brandishing in one hand the torch of Vertières
and breaking with the other the chains of slavery—
new-born Liberty
for all Spanish America.

No study of Haitian literature would be complete without mention of the excellent manuscripts that still await publication. Some are by authors of recognized merit, like F. Morisseau-Leroy, who seems equally gifted in prose and poetry, or J. B. Cinéas, author of four novels, or Dantès Bellegarde, Jean F. Brierre, or René Piquion. The latter's *Colosses de Bronze*, a textbook designed to introduce outstanding Negroes to Haitian youth, has remained in manuscript for seven years. Ever since volume I of Bellegarde's *Ecrivains Haïtiens* appeared in 1947, readers have been looking forward to volumes II and III. Then there are Morisseau-Leroy's remarkable story about tree conservation, *L'Arbre*; novels by Jean F. Brierre and Jacques Antoine; poems by Roussan Camille. Perhaps the most indispensable manuscript of all for students of Haitian life and literature is the splendid bibliography on which Max Bissainthe, director of the National Library, has been working for almost a decade. His labors in Haiti, Europe, and the United States—he recently spent several months at the Library of Congress—have produced a monumental manuscript, considerably more complete than Duvivier's pioneer bibliography published in 1941. The Scarecrow Press of Washington, D.C., has scheduled it for publication this fall.

Some of the obstacles facing Haitian authors are universal rather than local. In no country is it easy to achieve distinction in the literary profession, but in Haiti the difficulties seem particularly discouraging. No Haitian writer, with the possible exception of an occasional newspaper editor, lives exclusively by his pen. Dr. Price-Mars is a retired diplomat; Dantès Bellegarde represents Haiti at the United Nations; Philippe Thoby-Marcelin is employed by the Pan American Union; Jean F. Brierre and F. Morisseau-Leroy hold administrative posts in the government; René Piquion, Fortuna Guéry, and René Belance are educators; J. B. Cinéas is a Supreme Court justice. In their spare time they wage war on poverty, illiteracy, and prejudice. Their faith in Haiti's future is reflected in their manuscripts, and manuscripts, like faith, can sometimes move mountains.

BOOKS



A SOLDIER'S MEMORIES

[At press time AMERICAS received word that former Associate Editor Roberto Esquenazi-Mayo, now with the PAU Division of Philosophy, Letters, and Sciences, was awarded the Cuban National Literature Prize for the book reviewed below.]

ROBERTO ESQUENAZI's *Memorias de un Estudiante Soldado* is a remarkably modest and simple account of a Cuban student's war service in the OSS. It is also one of the most moving documents to come out of World War II, not only because of the experiences related, but because Mr. Esquenazi is a writer of rare gifts who, with no straining after effects, takes his reader with him through a great adventure and into its heartbreaking ending.

It was like Germán Arciniegas, who tells about it in his "Little Story of this Story," to discover that Mr. Esquenazi had a story to tell, and to get from him a few chapters for use in the excellent Colombian magazine *Revista de América*. And Mr. Esquenazi declares in his opening paragraph that without Dr. Arciniegas' prodding, there would have been no book.

Having been prodded by this same Dr. Arciniegas, I know what he is like when he thinks somebody should write something, and Mr. Esquenazi never had a chance to avoid the task once Arciniegas was on the trail. So thanks are due to both—to Arciniegas for knowing a book when he saw an author, and to Esquenazi for allowing himself to be persuaded by one of the most persuasive of men.

Roberto Esquenazi, a Cuban studying in the United States, joined the U.S. Army and volunteered for one of the most dangerous of all missions with the Office of Strategic Services as a member of a group of young men whose job it was to parachute behind the German lines in France, there to assist the *maquis* in sabotage operations.

The outfit jumped as planned, and on the way down Esquenazi received a bullet wound in his leg from a German gunner. In spite of this, he took part in a thrilling action against a German convoy, and the incident is most vividly described.

Then, his leg growing steadily worse, he was evacuated to a British hospital in North Africa, a place of cold horror, as he describes it, and one may not question the perfect accuracy of his observation. He almost lost his leg, but escaped in time to an American hospital which was at least a little human and which gave him the treatment he needed.

This is the whole story summarized, yet the book itself is infinitely more; it is, in effect, the reflections of

a brave, thoughtful, and highly sensitive young man upon the business of war in our times. One cannot doubt that the author would do the same thing over again, for he went into the OSS with a clear head, knowing very well what he was fighting for. And yet the effect of the book is to arouse all the pity and terror that modern warfare should arouse, if we are ever to stop the slaughter of the best of our youth.



Cuban prizewinner Roberto Esquenazi wrote about his paratrooper experiences during World War II

There are introductory words by Aureliano Sánchez Arango, Cuba's Minister of Education, and closing words by Andrés Iduarte of Mexico. These, like the words of Germán Arciniegas, are excellent words, but the truth is that Mr. Esquenazi's book is fully able to stand upon its own feet. It is a fine and very moving piece of writing, which should by all means be translated into English.—Herschel Brickell

MEMORIAS DE UN ESTUDIANTE SOLDADO, by Roberto Esquenazi-Mayo, with a preface by Germán Arciniegas. Havana, Dirección de Cultura, Ministerio de Educación, 1951. 277 p.

U.S.A.—FOREIGN STYLE

SEEMS THERE was a young Argentine journalist in New York trying to locate a man not listed in any of the five telephone books. Learning from a friend that he might be able to get the address from a certain businessman, the journalist went around to his office, where he was received by a smiling secretary, asked to wait three minutes, and, at the end of that time—no more, no less—ushered in. The businessman greeted him effusively, on the ground that any friend of So-and-so's was a friend of his, and gave him the information. They parted with expressions of mutual esteem. But as the journalist was heading for the elevator, the secretary waylaid him: "Five dollars, please," she said, with the same cordial smile.

Now this sort of thing might conceivably happen in the City of Wonders—it seems unlikely, that's all. The

incident surprises the average North American as much as it did José Blanco Amor, who relates it in *Reportaje a Nueva York* (*Report on New York*). Perhaps the fact that, as he later confesses, "I don't understand English," was in some way responsible (but surely he is too modest; he saw more of New York than most New Yorkers ever see, and talked to all kinds of people). In a sense, the book is full of such intriguing glimpses. Here's a city you know, all right—you recognize the streets, the subways, the buildings—but there's something subtly different about it, as if you were looking at its reflection in the Central Park lake.

In this, of course, lies the eternal fascination of books about one's country written by foreigners. Particularly to North Americans, who notoriously devour everything they can get their hands on, the more unflattering the better, on the United States. Not that either Blanco Amor or Enrique Naranjo Martínez, Colombian author of *Kaleidoscopio de la Vida Yankee* (*Kaleidoscope of Yankee Life*) is a Dickens or a Mrs. Trollope. Both, frequently amazed or disconcerted, sometimes shocked, by what they found, on the whole like the place fine.

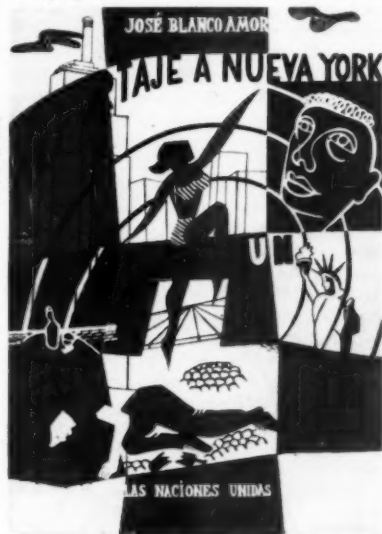
Blanco Amor, who was born in Spain but now lives in Buenos Aires, came to the United States as UN correspondent for a news agency. Though his book is, in fact, subtitled *The United Nations*, it mentions Flushing Meadow little more than perfunctorily. His enthusiasm undimmed by the five-dollar episode, he ranged tirelessly over Manhattan, noting things rich and strange—U.S. drugstores; the Coca-Cola weather-forecast sign in Columbus Circle; the career of Father Divine; the antiseptic food; a policeman chasing couples out of Central Park at midnight; the state of mind that produced the Empire State Building; the orderliness of New Yorkers (in contrast with what he calls the "informality" of their climate), their pride in the city's noise, their frantic efforts to "take it easy." There's nothing new in any of it, but, because Sr. Blanco Amor is an intelligent and good-humored observer, obviously getting a bang out of his visit and out of writing about it, his account is fun to read.

Quite a different situation is that of Enrique Naranjo Martínez. Long established in Boston, he bases his impressions—actually a series of notes dated from 1934 to 1940—on many years' acquaintance with the country and its people. He specifically disclaims any serious intent and, as he points out in a brief introductory note, devotes himself chiefly to "the eccentricities that flourish in this enormous republic" as gleaned from the newspapers and from his own experience.

Certainly, there are plenty of them. A man in Massachusetts is fined ten dollars for kissing his bride after dark. Dillinger escapes from prison with the help of a homemade wooden pistol. A woman in upstate New York celebrates her 104th birthday with the announcement that she would marry today if she could find a good man. Thirty-six thousand people are killed in automobile accidents in a single year (this kind of statistic also impressed Sr. Blanco Amor). And so on, through bank hold-ups, divorce scandals, and plain

simple-mindedness. Though the question of what sort of picture of the United States Sr. Naranjo is presenting to those who know the country less well than he does necessarily arises, it is true that these anecdotes of aberration are well told, often with an ingratiating straight-faced humor. But righteous indignation at the salacious stories featured by a certain newspaper chain sounds less than sincere when accompanied by a re-telling of the stories themselves. And, especially in a long-time resident of a melting-pot, such minute consideration of the racial, national, and religious backgrounds of the people he deals with is excessive. While

José Blanco Amor's book reports on New York City



he inclines toward sweeping generalizations about a number of groups, he reserves his choice venom for the Jews.

As is clearly demonstrated by the outrage of any citizenry in response to any pronouncement on its country by any foreigner, if the latter's opinion is apt to be hasty and fallible, the former's is likely to be no less so.—Betty Wilson

REPORTAJE A NUEVA YORK, by José Blanco Amor. Buenos Aires, S.A. Editorial Bell, 1950. 269 p. Illus.

KALEIDOSCOPIO DE LA VIDA YANKEE, by Enrique Naranjo Martínez. Barranquilla, Colombia. Ediciones Arte, 1950. 182 p.

BRAZIL, PAST AND PRESENT

FOR THE BENEFIT of those who did not attend them, Vanderbilt University Press has brought together in one little volume the lectures delivered last year by four visiting scholars in the school's Institute for Brazilian Studies. An anthropologist, an economist, a historian, and a musicologist-historian make up the quartet of one Brazilian and three North Americans responsible for the *Four Papers*, giving us a glimpse of the Brazil of today

and yesterday.

Columbia University assistant professor of anthropology Charles Wagley opens the book with an introduction to "The Brazilian Amazon: The Case of an Under-developed Area." Here, as in many another of the country's regions, we are confronted with the triple problem of illiteracy, lack of sanitation, and inadequate transportation. The picture is a sorry one, but Professor Wagley optimistically points out how this lush land can be reclaimed through modern science and technology, *provided* the social and psychological aspects are given due consideration in the approach. Technical assistance programs, he warns, "involve culture change and the diffusion of patterns and elements from one culture to another. . . . The new knowledge, the new tools, and the other innovations must be made acceptable to the people in their terms." This makes a lot of sense, as does Professor Wagley's whole defense of social anthropology as one of the essential tools of the technical-cooperation program. Particularly when we know that he was a member of the Special Public Health Service (originally a joint Brazil-United States enterprise) in the Amazon during the last war. It makes one hope that such a scientist, who obviously knows the region thoroughly, who has a sympathetic understanding of it, and who can present his thoughts clearly and convincingly to the layman, will be among the experts now trying to set the Point Four program in motion in Brazil.

The next picture we get in the book is one of figures and facts: "Inflation and Industrialization: A Brazilian Viewpoint." Baffling as the subject is to uninitiated readers like this reviewer, it is presented by the chief of the Division of Economic and Financial Studies of the Brazilian Ministry of Finance simply and with illuminating examples on the whys and wherefores of inflation. In explaining the special economic conditions prevailing in Brazil, Dr. Octávio Gouvêa de Bulhões shows us how importation is "a double-edged sword" in the control of inflation: he points to the necessity of a fiscal policy to control inflation (advocating a tax on profit increases resulting purely from price increases); emphasizes the need for diversification of production (and for industrialization); touches on the problems of participation of foreign capital (including inter-governmental loans) and on the advantages to be derived from the flow of private capital to countries like Brazil, where private enterprise prevails.

Next we turn back in time a hundred years and look with Stanley J. Stein at the "aspects of growth and decline" of the middle Paraíba plantations during the decade 1850-1860. We learn almost everything there is to learn about life on an old coffee-growing *fazenda*. We see how the plantation is born, become aware of the sins committed against soil conservation in clearing the site for it, follow the building of the house. We watch the coffee bushes grow and bear fruit, hear the slaves' monotonous chant as they pick the berries, look at their celebrations and dances on holidays and saints' days. We observe the planter's growing prosperity and self-sufficiency, pity him when, like the grasshopper rather

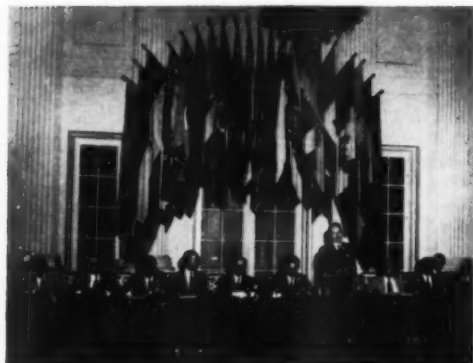
than the ant, he never dreams of possible lean years. Then we witness his gradual downfall as the slave trade is outlawed and the *fazenda* begins to lose its former self-sufficiency for lack of a labor force. Untended crops are ruined by pests, and finally the exhausted soil fails to yield at all. It's an extremely absorbing and thorough study, but, for all the fascinating details he gives us, Mr. Stein fails to paint a lifelike portrait of the planter and the members of his household. Too bad that the huge *fazenda* house is inhabited only by ghosts, especially when the author must have run into many documents revealing the psychology of the *fazendeiros*.

What happened to "William James in Brazil" is told by Carleton Sprague Smith, a man of perhaps as many interests as the philosopher himself. Enthusiasm for the lectures of the Swiss naturalist Louis Agassiz at Harvard led young James to join the scientist's expedition to the Amazon in 1865. Dr. Smith quotes and comments on William James' letters and diary—his amusing first impressions ("The Brazilians are of a pale Indian color, without a particle of red and with a very aged expression"); his idea that intellectual life in Rio was "a dismal potato existence"; his first contact with the Amazon, whose forests he found "not as grand and tangled as those about Rio, but more soft and smiling and much more penetrable"; his admiration for the courtesy of the people ("If any Brazilian ever comes to Boston . . . I shall consider it my imperative duty to place our whole house night and day at his disposal and to make all my family and friends' families his slaves. . ."); his painful efforts to learn Portuguese, his difficulties in making himself understood, especially by the girls ("Ah Jesuina, Jesuina. . . why could I not make myself intelligible to thee.") All the young man's humorous and penetrating notes and letters were interspersed with interesting drawings of local types, animals, boats. The expedition went all the way up the Amazon to the Peruvian border and gathered a valuable collection of fish. By the time he left, about a year later, James had picked up enough of the language to write a quaint letter in Portuguese to a friend. Although Dr. Smith asserts that "William James' trip to Brazil . . . had a great influence on him" and that "Brazil contributed more than she knew to the history of American thought," implying that the country somehow influenced James' decision to devote himself to philosophy thereafter, there is no evidence from the quotations included in the paper that any other trip would not have produced the same effect. One wonders whether it was not a natural, slow process of self-discovery rather than local influence.

One might question the advisability of publishing in one volume four papers whose only relationship with one another is that they are all about Brazil. But the book is obviously intended for people sufficiently well versed in Brazilian life to assimilate the four isolated pictures.—*Benedicta Quirino dos Santos*
FOUR PAPERS PRESENTED IN THE INSTITUTE FOR BRAZILIAN STUDIES, VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, Nashville, Tennessee, Vanderbilt University Press, 1951. 138 p. Illus. \$2.60

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



To open a meeting of technicians representing central banks, treasuries, and fiscal agencies at the Pan American Union in Washington recently, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council held a welcoming plenary session. At the conference table (from left): Sr. Jorge Hazera, Costa Rica; Dr. Octavio Paranaguá, Brazil; Dr. Antonio F. Cañero, Argentina; Dr. Ovidio V. Schioppetto, Argentina; OAS Council Chairman Hildebrando Accioly, Brazil; I-A ECOSOC Chairman Jorge Mejía-Palacio, Colombia; OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras; Dr. Alfredo Oporto Crespo, Bolivia; Dr. Oscar Montecinos, Bolivia; and Dr. Carlos Villaveces Restrepo, Colombia.



Just before returning to Buenos Aires to exchange jobs with his country's Minister of Foreign Affairs Hipólito J. Paz, Argentina's Ambassador to the United States and OAS Jerónimo Remorino attended a luncheon and OAS Council session in his honor. Here (holding paper) he receives greetings from Hildebrando Accioly of Brazil, Council Chairman, and Mexican OAS envoy Luis Quintanilla (right) while (left) OAS Ambassadors Juan Bautista de Lavalle of Peru and René Lépervanche Parparcén of Venezuela join the other guests in applause.

Below: Joining ten other American republics in agreement to contribute to the maintenance of the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, Costa Rica, Ambassador Joseph L. Déjean of Haiti (center, seated) deposits his country's instrument of adherence to the Convention on the Institute. Standing (from left): OAS Ambassadors John C. Dreier of the United States; René Lépervanche Parparcén of Venezuela; and Juan Bautista de Lavalle of Peru. Seated: Assistant Secretary General William Manger and Secretary General Alberto Lleras.



During one of this summer's starlight concerts in the Aztec Garden of the Pan American Union, the United States Marine Band laid aside its instruments to watch the fascinating rhythms of Haitian dancers. Alphonse Cimber and Jeanne Ramon, members of the Léon Destiné group that came down from New York to appear. Scene: a market place where a disagreement between a vendor and a penniless buyer will be resolved by the intoxicating beat of the ritual drums.



VOICES OF THE SOUTH

(Continued from page 23)

accompaniment based on arpeggiated chords is common, at least in the dances, but there are extensive regions—Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador—in which an arpeggio accompaniment predominates. The guitar is the great instrument of accompaniment; the harp produces the melody as well; the accordion is also used, but not much.

The core of the Western *cancionero* is preserved almost pure in the non-Indian rural villages of a zone extending from the northwestern part of Argentina to Ecuador, and I cannot offer an indisputable opinion as to its origin. Many European elements are found in it, but its evolution and mixture in America set this music apart from any known historical model.

Another European music, surely medieval, and various types of court dances that have arrived in our continent since 1700 seem to unite and, combining with the old forms in which the augmented fourth appears, produce a stratum less rigid, more "modern" European. Thus a different creole hybrid has developed in each of the regions that had a vigorous music of its own.

The Atlantic or Eastern *cancionero* is opposed in nature no less than in geography to the Western: that of the East does not modulate, that of the West is bimodal; the first employs only binary measure and the second only ternary measure. In both the melody is accompanied by chords, but in the East the single note in binary measure predominates and in the West the arpeggiated chord in ternary measure. The first is monodic, the second progresses in parallel thirds. With such dissimilar characteristics, they produce entirely different effects.

The ancient Eastern *cancionero* had only a single kind of phrase. But how far it traveled, how many triumphant varieties it engendered in the salons of America and Europe! In Brazil it received the names *lundú*, *modinha*, and *samba*; in Cuba it was called *contradanza* (like the English dance) and *danza*; in Mexico, *son*; in the Dominican Republic, *merengue*; in Panama, *tamborito*, and so on. In the middle of the nineteenth century it became known in Argentina and Uruguay as the *milonga*. But these names were not, in general, exclusive in their form and style; that is, there was different music with these same names. Musical example No. 7 (below) gives a rough idea of the char-

acteristics of this Eastern *cancionero*.

These are the elements that served as a basis for dances of great vitality and wide distribution—in Brazil, the *ondú* or *lundú* first, and the later *maxixe*; the Cuban *danza* (later the *habanera*); the Argentine tango. One, with a patriotic text, has been called "the hymn of Puerto Rico."

I have no doubt that the rhythmic elements of the Eastern *cancionero* are European and medieval. At an early date they passed to America and now they can help to clarify the most complex musicological problems of ancient Europe.

The Eastern *cancionero*, folkloric, submerged, half-sleeping, has for centuries constituted a substratum which nevertheless has exerted tremendous influence. The European dances of joined couples—polka, mazurka, schottische, and so on—met this ancient substratum in the countryside of eastern Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay, and were invaded by it. The encounter produced curious hybrids which, sometimes under their original names, sometimes under new names, still make up a broad mantle of folklore. The polka, thus remade, is nowadays the national dance of Paraguay.

To what I call the "ancient Europe" *cancionero* belong, by relationship of characteristics, a large proportion of the Christmas carols and cradle songs: the Trisagions, *Salves*, *alabanzas*, Lord's Prayer, and others of religious text; the songs for children's dances and games; some



West-coast highlanders still play the ancient quena flute



2305

ballads, and so on, found today in America. Their widespread presence here and the fact that remnants of them survive in several countries of western Europe are only explained as a consequence of a remote European formal stratum. Examples of this *cancionero* do not appear in purely recreational moments among adults. They have specific functions, shown by their names. Curiously, many of these songs are part of the musical repertory of the Catholic Church in America, heard today, if not in the ritual itself, in connected or complementary acts.

Melody No. 8, a *Salve*, demonstrates the general characteristics of this *cancionero*. Undoubtedly the European listener finds nothing unusual in this music. That is the best definition: its characteristics are the same as those

of formal European music in its ancient stage. Yet here in South America it does not resemble any of the folkloric expressions I have mentioned.



A single article can never give an adequate idea of South American musical origins. A continent on which African ceremonial drums are found in Brazil, the Central European polka shows up in Paraguay's *guarania*, and the melancholy piping of the ancient *quena* may still be heard in the Bolivian highlands, cannot be so easily classified. But South America is the richer for this complexity.

DISASTER STRIKES THE MIDLANDS

(Continued from page 31)

Kaw valleys the renovation work also progressed rapidly. The energy and determination with which the people began rebuilding was especially amazing because such havoc was a completely new experience. The Midwest is subject to few natural disasters.

In less than a month after flood waters had hit, motor cars were again rolling from the assembly line, and trading was resumed in the stockyards. Rail transportation was back to normal after a period in which only one of the twelve major roads serving Kansas City was operating. Farmers were rebuilding their shattered barns and homes.

Among the many agencies that helped residents get started again was the Red Cross. An appeal for a special fund of five million dollars was sounded across the nation, and gifts poured in from all over the United States. More aid came from overseas. France offered help for children of flood-stricken families, and West Germany offered special pumps to help clear the water. A financial gift arrived from the Danish legation in Belgrade.

With all the destruction, the citizens of Missouri and Kansas could be thankful that the flood's death toll was comparatively small—less than thirty. And they could be proud of the courage and stalwart determination brought out by the crisis.

WALK THIS WAY

(Continued from page 27)

occasionally), unsightly electric wiring, billboards, and other evidences of twentieth-century decadence are pleasantly absent.

Although hardly metropolitan in size and practically invisible from any point beyond its own little valley, San Antonio recently has become the object of some international admiration through the work of J. Antonio Velásquez, a native son who divides his time between barbering the Zamorano boys and turning out striking primitive oil paintings, mostly of his village. One of these was included in the collection of paintings that toured the Americas in 1949 and 1950, sponsored by the Pan American Union. Others are hanging on walls in widely scattered cities, including Washington, New York, and Boston.

I hope the Honduran Government will make San Antonio del Oriente a national monument and preserve at least its appearance, even though its simple pattern of existence may give way before an ever-growing influx of tourists.



Supply cart on way to Rosario silver mines at San Juancito, which produce about two million dollars' worth of silver a year

To move on to possibilities beyond the one-day or weekend radius, Tegucigalpa is a good starting point for cross-country treks in all directions. Honeycombed with footpaths and horseback trails, Honduras provides a perfect Appalachian Trail set-up, minus hostels. Food and shelter are best transported by pack animal. Westward, there are the famous Mayan ruins of Copán and the modern ruins of Ocotepeque, destroyed by flood in 1934. Northward are Comayagua, the old capital; Lake Yojoa; the Banana Coast; Pico Bonito; and historic Trujillo, where the mountains meet the Caribbean. Eastward are the Agua Fria mine and the towns of Danli, Yuscarán, and El Paraíso. Southward are the Gulf of Fonseca and the port of Amapala on an island in it, with an extinct volcano forming a perfect cone for a backdrop. In all directions there are attractions of special interest to overland plodders.

Is there a better hiking center in the whole world than Tegucigalpa? Until I learn that Old Ironlegs has decided to retire somewhere else, I shall doubt it.

Presenting our Ambassadors

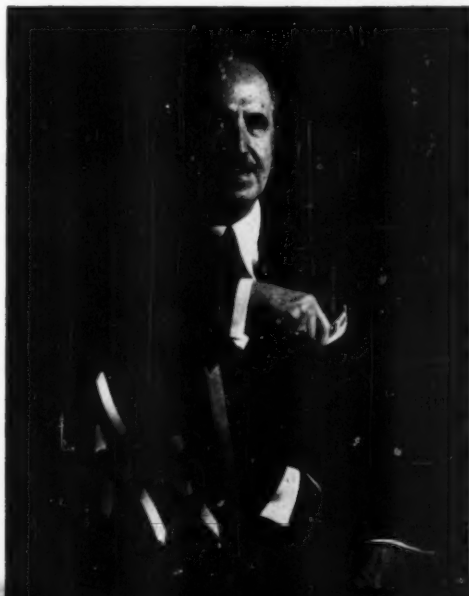
Copyright Katherine Young

Dr. Luis Quintanilla has played a leading role in the Organization of American States ever since 1945. As Mexico's delegate, he has been chairman of most of the Council committees as well as Chairman of the Council itself and of the Inter-American Peace Commission. He also presided over the Second Meeting of the Council acting as organ of consultation under the Rio Treaty and was appointed chairman of the special OAS fact-finding committee in Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Born in Paris, Dr. Quintanilla won his bachelor's and master's degrees at the Sorbonne together with a special diploma in philosophy. Later studies at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore brought him a Ph.D. in political science. The Ambassador is also a prominent educator. He taught foreign languages at the University of Mexico, political science at George Washington University, and was a visiting instructor at Harvard. But for the past thirty years he has been principally associated with the Mexican foreign service, which has taken him as Ambassador to Russia and Colombia and to posts in France, the United States, and various Latin American countries. Author of several books, he has been decorated by most of the American governments.

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Peruvian Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalle is one of those distinguished graduates of San Marcos University (see "Teacher to a Continent," page 6), where he won his LL.D. in 1911 and his doctorate in Philosophy and Letters a year later. Entering his country's foreign service in 1916, he went first to La Paz, Bolivia, for a two-year stint as Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim*, then to France to serve as First Secretary of the Legation in Paris and Secretary of the Peruvian Delegation to the Peace Conference in 1919-20. Returning from Europe, he went back to San Marcos, this time as a professor in the law school. He took his thorough legal knowledge to the courtroom when he was named a Judge of the Lima Court of Appeals in 1930, and an Acting Justice of the Peruvian Supreme Court in 1938. Seven years later the Congress made him a lifetime member of the highest court in the land. For the past five years Dr. Lavalle has been Peru's representative on the OAS Council, having served as its chairman in 1947-48. In addition, he has found time to write books, pamphlets, and articles on the law.



STARRING JOSE FERRER

(Continued from page 12)

take stock, he becomes positively morbid. Although he flies constantly, he's afraid of airplanes. He pictures himself lying dead in a crash, speaks of it to friends, and tries to pass it off as a joke. "They won't even know which body is mine." But emotions are part and parcel of the Ferrer personality. When the University of Puerto Rico awarded him an honorary doctor of fine arts degree in 1949, he was so overcome he couldn't speak. During the "Oscar" award ceremonies in San Juan, he burst into tears. When he laughs, he cries—literally. Tears stream over his cheeks. On movie sets care is taken to prevent Ferrer from laughing, so his make-up won't be ruined. According to Josh Logan, Joe's ability to show emotion quickly on the stage is one of the secrets of his success. It is consistently spontaneous, never labored.

In general, the critics have been as kind to Ferrer as they were to John Barrymore or Sarah Bernhardt. Howard Barnes wrote that his "Iago [is played] with an authority which none of us, I think, have seen on the stage. . . ." Of the Puerto Rican's role as Cyrano, Brooks Atkinson proclaimed, "Mr. Ferrer . . . is an actor of keen intelligence who gets his humor, not out of the library, but out of his personal vigor and alertness. . . . [He] has preserved a trace of ordinary human feeling that redeems *Cyrano* from complete artificiality." Wolcott Gibbs had this to say about *Twentieth Century*: "There is a quality of bogus majesty, of the essentially second-rate masquerading as the great, about [Ferrer's performance] that is comic acting of the highest possible order." Joe is quick to return the consideration. *Twentieth Century* came out in New York on Christmas Eve 1950, with a matinee opening—the first since the 1920's. Ferrer knew the critics would rather spend that evening with their families, so he timed his opening to allow them to get home to dress their Christmas trees. Even so, they rap Ferrer when they feel he needs it. His *Volpone*, for example, reminded most of the scribes of the Marx Brothers or the Keystone Cops or the way Bobby Clark massacred Molière. They felt it was overdone, too slapstick. "I haven't seen so many good actors," wrote Wolcott Gibbs, "so enthusiastically and hilariously imitating bad ones for a long, long time." Ferrer's performance in *The Silver Whistle* the Communist *Daily Worker* termed "essentially repulsive," while, for the same role, *The New York Times* called him "the most able, the most stimulating, and the most versatile actor of his generation in America."

Anyone who spreads himself as wide as Ferrer does is bound to suffer reproach. One group of his critics assails him for sacrificing the genuineness of his acting to his brilliant technical skill as a director and producer. His style is compared to the coldness of Vermeer and Dali in painting. He is persistently reminded he is taking too much upon himself. "Ferrer is a Jack-of-all-trades and master of none," the opposition claims, but his supporters disagree. "Take Joe's interpretation of Iago," one of his friends explains. "Most actors play him as a mustache-

twirling villain. Joe doesn't. In analyzing the plot, he realized all the characters liked and trusted Iago. That's what made him so insidious. So he played the guy in a likable way. That's why he does it better than anyone else." Richard Condon, Ferrer's business associate, claims it is his partner's very genuineness that makes him great. "Joe is a fine director," Condon says. "In *'Century'*, when he wrestles with Gloria Swanson, he and she practiced enough and trained enough so that she'd go limp when he touched her. That's why the scenes are effective. Most women in Swanson's position would instinctively tense up, fight back, ruin the action."

If there is one trait Ferrer is especially noted for in the theater, it is realism. He scorned a wig for his Iago role, let his hair and beard grow. "No, a wig wouldn't do," he explains. "Consider all the strenuous duels, street fights, and stage villainy I went through nightly. Just think how I'd have felt if I wore a wig that slipped and landed on my nose exactly at the moment I was to stab



Any guest at a Ferrer party can expect food cooked by the maestro himself. Baking bread is Joe's specialty



Ferrer's two most loyal fans are his wife, Phyllis, and ten-year-old daughter, Lettie

Cassio. If that had happened, I'd have probably stabbed myself from mortification." For *Cyrano*, Ferrer ran into difficulties. One night his false nose dropped off dramatically, clattering across the stage; another time he caught a feather in it. He solved the problem by reporting for work a half hour earlier and molding putty over a thimble, which he fastened to his own nose with Scotch tape. In the movies, it wasn't so simple. Putty noses are all too obvious to the probing camera eye. Technicians devised a vinylite plastic proboscis two and three-fourths inches long that looked real and fleshlike. At a cost of fifty dollars apiece, Ferrer put on a new one each day. By the time the picture was through shooting, the bill for the noses alone ran to more than fifteen hundred dollars. The fencing skill he had learned at Princeton contributed generously to the realism of *Cyrano*, and so did the lute strumming which he practiced to perfection. In the movie *Crisis*, in which Ferrer was cast as an insane dictator, he stood in front of a mirror before each sequence making faces at himself as a reminder of how hateful he was supposed to be.

Other characteristics which distinguish Joe as a personality and individual include his distinctive voice, strangely throaty and contagious despite the fact he was born without a soft palate, a defect corrected by an operation at the age of seven months; his incredibly expressive hands, which he uses to clever effect and to accentuate his grace; and his large, sensual mouth. "When Ferrer drools," his friends say, "he becomes the personification of greed and avarice."

At home, Ferrer is a much simpler man than he would probably like to have his public think. This simplicity is demonstrated by his reply when someone asked him what other careers appealed to him besides acting. "Teaching English literature or painting," he said. Today he is married to an attractive blond ballet dancer, the former Phyllis Hill, daughter of the assistant managing editor of *The New York Herald Tribune*. He has a ten-year-old daughter, Leticia, by a former marriage. Together they live with a pet cocker spaniel, Cookie, in the Ferrer family homestead in the sleepy Hudson River hill town of Ossining. Their private life is characterized by mild, semi-serious intellectual diversion. There Joe listens to symphonies, dreams of his operatic future; there he paints. "I like oils. You know, still lifes, views from windows, cocked hats on funny faces. You might call me Puerto Rico's answer to Winston Churchill." Like many others of Spanish blood, he has the ability to spot a person's salient features and set them down in excellent caricature. He tends the garden and reads a lot, unwinding with detective stories. He likes small, intimate, gay parties, for which he always bakes the bread himself. Everyone who has tasted it declares it delicious. Cooking is a major hobby. His tastes run to Spanish dishes like Trinidad pepper pot, Cuban stuffed avocados, stewed codfish Spanish style (*bacalao guisado*), and coconut rice (*arroz con coco*). Although he likes to eat, he watches his waistline. "I love fat women," he says, "and I love fat food, but I'm so ashamed when I get fat myself. It denotes lack of self-control."



During run of *Twentieth Century*, amateur caricaturist Ferrer sketched co-star Gloria Swanson and three versions of himself

The seriousness with which Ferrer takes himself is in marked contrast to the legend built up around him. Behind the façade of Broadway star, matinee idol, theatrical genius, and human dynamo lurks a thoughtful, though emotional, man. There is method in his madness. Joe loves the ballyhoo of show business, its insanity and crazy characters, but, with his success, he finds the world for the first time beginning to dance for him rather than he for it. In consequence, one wonders how long he will find the theater big enough for him. Behind the act, there he is, calm as can be, looking for the next opening. "He's a mixture offstage of all the characters he ever played onstage," an intimate said, "with the added advantage of having a generally cheerful disposition."

The nerve center of his operations lies on the twenty-first floor of the New York skyscraper that houses Radio City Music Hall, on the Avenue of the Americas. It is the law offices of Messrs. Friend and Reiskind, his attorneys, who give him space rent free in return for the vast trade he brings them. His picture, a full-size portrait of *Cyrano*, faces the entrance. Here he discusses his deals under the canny supervision that has made him the hottest property on Broadway. Here is the headquarters of José Ferrer Enterprises, the mystical firm with no legal entity that he established to handle the multifarious business that has so recently and overwhelmingly come his way. Here are packaged his movie and theater contracts, his lecture tours, the radio and TV appearances which will bloom next fall into *The Horatio Alger Series*, *Who's Who In America*, and Irvin S. Cobb's *Old Judge Priest*. Ferrer has gone strong for television. He is forming a company called the Television Guild, a cooperative effort employing thirty internationally known stars or writers from the motion picture, theatrical, and music world on a profit-sharing basis. He has his own ideas about TV: "I want a story format that will make the viewer forget he's watching a television screen and believe he is looking through his

window into another home. . . . I feel attempts to bring Ibsen and other classical playwrights to home screens have fallen short of the successes achieved by radio producers using identical story properties."

As a trouper, Ferrer likes to travel. He is on the go a good deal of the time. During the exploitation for *Cyrano*, he crossed the country six times, gave 364 interviews and lecture engagements. In three months, he went through twenty-nine eighty-minute lectures before a total of seventy thousand people, made 171 radio and television appearances, and sixty-eight press interviews—one of which he conducted in four languages (English, Spanish, French, and Italian), for, in addition to his other talents, he is an accomplished linguist. On the road, he carries a dictaphone with him. Instead of writing letters or memos, he mails the records to his



Ferrer spares no expense, undergoes personal discomfort in order to lend realism to roles. Here he poses with masks from *Cyrano*.

friends and associates. He often says goodbye to his wife this way in the morning when he goes to work early and doesn't want to disturb her. Between visits to Hollywood, Puerto Rico, and all the stops on stage tours, Ferrer occasionally goes to Europe, making the usual Hollywood circuit of London, Paris, the Riviera, and Rome.

One little appreciated, but frequently apparent, side of Ferrer is the philosophic. Once he investigated existentialism in Paris. At the Red Rose, a jazz bistro, he was sadly disillusioned. "We were bored with the place," he recalls, "and the self-conscious young group in it who grow beards, don't wash, and cry 'We're ahead of the world.'" In keeping with his native common sense, however, Ferrer's observations tend to run toward such homilies as: "I think you only grow old when you lose your enthusiasm for living."

Ferrer no doubt needs a philosophy. Like many another actor of world-wide fame and big business propensities, he is not a rich man, even with his comfortable background. Last year (his biggest so far), after taxes and business expenses, he saved only slightly more than three thousand dollars from the \$116,000 he grossed, all but eleven thousand of which came from movie contracts. "Today an actor no longer can afford to plan a career in the theater alone," he says. "To stay alive, he has to go into movies, radio, or television." For young actors, he has urged that "if they want to build a career in the theater, they should get a sideline profession that will keep them eating during those frequent periods when the stage isn't paying off."

Some aspects of show business have so soured Ferrer that he threatens to quit. In his depressive moods, his pet hate is saying the same lines over and over for months on end. "No actor can be creative repeating the same lines for six or eight months; it's a most impossible bore." Rehearsing, on the other hand, is a fascinating challenge. Ferrer becomes manic about rehearsals. "That's when you really have a chance to put a play together." Nevertheless, he says, "My goal in the theater is to get out of the theater." In a determined mood, he told Hollywood party-giver Cobina Wright, "I'll be an actor for just ten more years, and then devote my time to painting, because I love independence more than anything else, and the life of the artist is the most free I know."

Fortunately, nobody believes Ferrer, probably least of all himself. In the next breath, he talks enthusiastically of the shows he'd like to do in Latin America—*Charlie's Aunt* in Spanish, for example, and the lead in *Don Quixote*. He has been offered the role of Simón Bolívar in a production yet to be worked out, and he is categorically enthusiastic about proposals to establish a motion-picture industry on his native island. Although he has received the honors of an elder statesman, Ferrer has scarcely tapped his resources. He could be a dynamic politician, for example, a role not far removed from the ones he plays on the stage. Wherever he turns, whatever he undertakes—as the interlocutor says—it's only the beginning.

Answers to Quiz on page 47

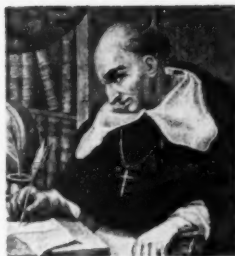
1. Panama
2. Bartolomé de las Casas
3. The Capitol, Caracas
4. Bahia (São Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos)
5. Venetian employed by English
6. A roaster for cooking meat
7. Cuba
8. Chile
9. Caranda
10. Sloths (two-toed, *Choloepus hoffmanni*)

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

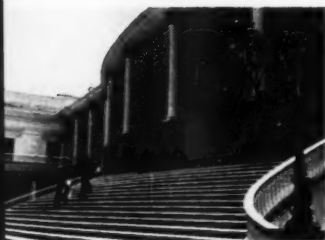
Answers on page 46



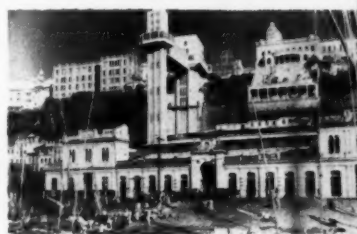
1. This flag, with its red and blue stars and squares, flies from more ships and is seen in more world ports than any other. Does it belong to Honduras, Cuba, or Panama?



2. Known to posterity as the "Apostle of the Indians" for efforts in their behalf against exploitation by conquistadors, this man, bishop of Chiapas (Mexico) in 1544, is San Pedro Claver, Bartolomé de las Casas, or St. Vincent de Paul?



3. Up these steps behind the façade lies the *Salón Elíptico*, where an urn containing the original Venezuelan Declaration of Independence is located. Is it in the Capitol, Caracas; the City Hall, Barquisimeto; or the State House, Ciudad Bolívar?



4. This ancient city, the original Brazilian capital, is the subject of a popular song whose title is part of the city's full name. What is the song?



5. Sebastian Cabot, son of navigator who discovered North America in 1497, reached Canada on father's second voyage in 1498. Was he Venetian employed by the English, English employed by Venetians, or a Frenchman employed by Spain?



6. Strange device consisting of simple twisted wire is displayed by *gaucho* on Argentine pampa. Is it a roaster for cooking meat, equipment for local form of lacrosse, or a special net for catching huge prairie butterflies?



7. Is the geographical body silhouetted here the peninsula of Lower California, the island of Cuba, or the Isthmus of Panama?



8. Symbolizing a hen and a cock, this couple is dancing the *zamacueca*, often called simply *cueca*, the national folk dance of Colombia, Nicaragua, Chile, or Peru?



9. While man next to him plays *quijada de burro* (donkey's jawbone) in this typical orchestra of El Salvador, musician at far left elicits rhythm from long, bow-like instrument called the *caramba*, *sacabuche*, or *claves*?



10. The name by which these two lazy-bones from Costa Rica are known in the animal world is synonymous with indolence. What are they?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WISDOM ABROAD

Dear Sirs:

I read with pleasure Mary Eades King's article, "Ignorants Abroad," in the May issue of *AMERICAS*. . . . My own experience when I arrived in the States four years ago was no better than those of the North Americans visiting Mexico. My high school English plus one year of junior college was so bad that I never felt as homesick and lonesome as during my first month before reporting to the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. Also, my knowledge of customs and habits here was "sub-zero"; for example, once a U.S. girl invited me to come in after I took her home from dinner, and I refused, thinking of our customs, for in Latin America when you enter a girl's house, the wedding bells can already be heard. . . .

I admire Mrs. King's way of admitting the blunders that some North Americans make abroad. . . . Our *dignidad* makes it almost impossible for a Latin American to admit what she did. . . .

Italo Vallar
King's Point, L.I., N.Y.

RETURN MAIL

Dear Sirs:

By a happy coincidence I came upon a copy of the beautiful magazine *AMERICAS* the other day, and was very pleased to read it, for I have always wanted to know the sister countries of our Hemisphere. For some time I have wanted to get in touch with young people in the American countries, but I did not know how to go about it. . . . Could you let me know how I could start some kind of intellectual interchange with young people like myself from all the Americas?

My second request is perhaps a little more difficult: I would like to contact the Colombian Alvaro Zabala, whose cycling exploits were described last year by *AMERICAS* (September 1950 issue). I, too, am a cyclist, and fond of such journeys.

And now we come to the main reason for this letter. I am a Science major in high school. In Geography this year we are studying each country separately, and I am supposed to write a paper on the U.S.A. I have literature on it, but I want something with which to illustrate my paper—small maps showing highways, rivers, mountains, etc., and photographs of people, cities, industries, and so on. I hope you can help me without too much trouble.

Roldão Simas Filho
Praia de Gragoatá 53
Niterói, RJ
Brazil

Dear Sirs:

I hope you will publish this letter in *AMERICAS*, which I find one of the most pleasant and instructive magazines to be found in my country. I should like to establish correspondence with people living outside Argentina. This will enable me to know the psychology of other countries and to practice their language while making Argentina known to them.

Lydia Martha Mendia
Charlene 218
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear Sirs:

I read with great pleasure the last issue of *AMERICAS*, and found out through it that some students want to carry on correspondence with fellow-students in other countries. Could you send me the addresses of some of those who have written to you with this in mind? I would be delighted . . . to have friends in different parts of the world. I am Panamanian, and have been attending high school here in Benton for a year. . . . I am very far from home, and would welcome expressions of friendship.

Hylda R. Castillo
723 River Street
Benton, Arkansas

For a start, these three readers in widely separated places might correspond with one another, and perhaps more will join them.

THE TWAIN MEET

Dear Sirs:

It is necessary for my studies to consult your book review of the English version of the *Popol Vuh* appearing in the June 1950 issue of *AMERICAS*. Because it is still very difficult to find foreign publications in occupied Japan, I have been unable to get hold of a copy. I should be very much obliged if you could help me. In return you might be interested in some of my bookplates on Latin American subjects, which I enclose as a token of my gratitude to you for your great kindness. (See cuts.)

Kikuya Kimura
Shizuoka-Shi, Japan



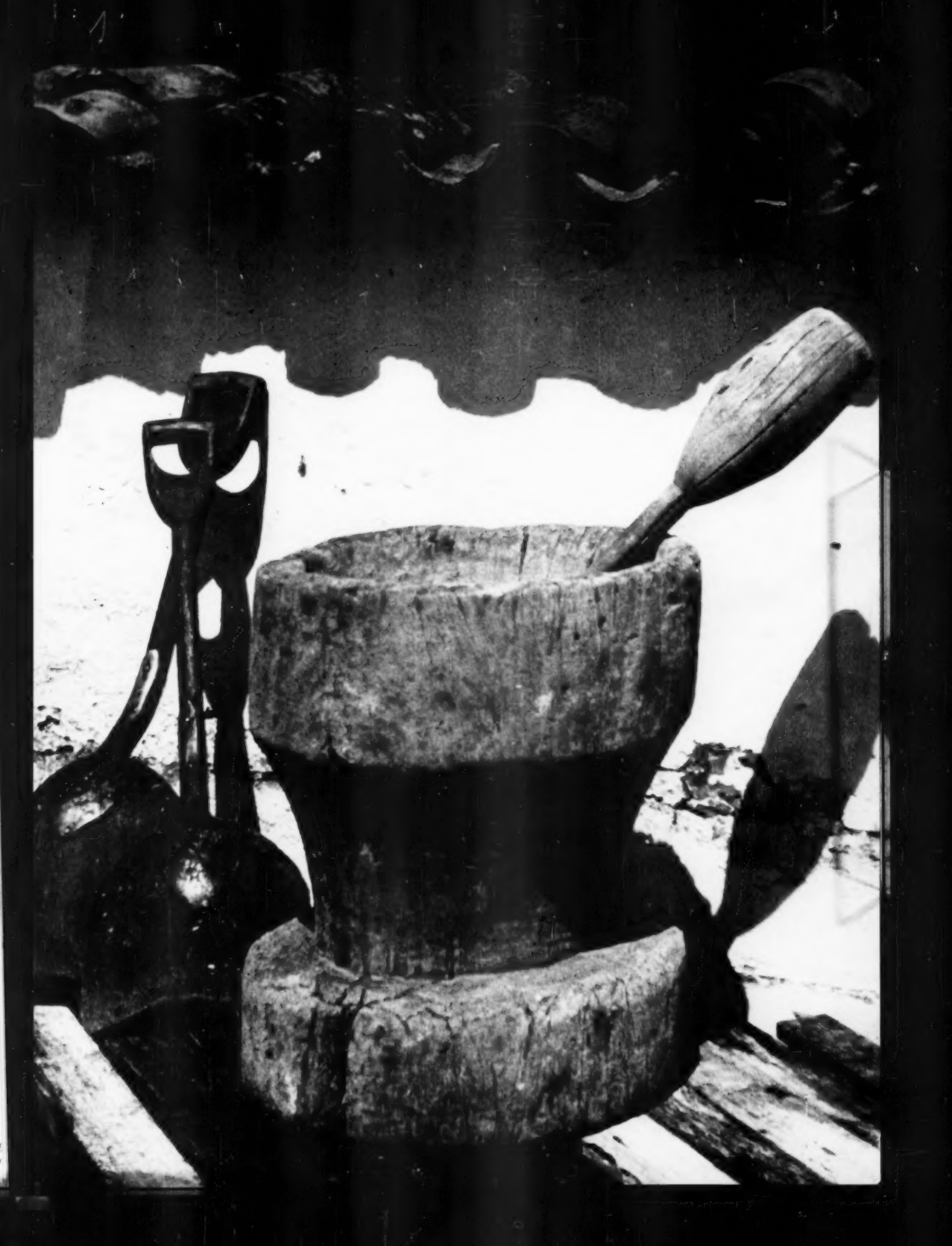
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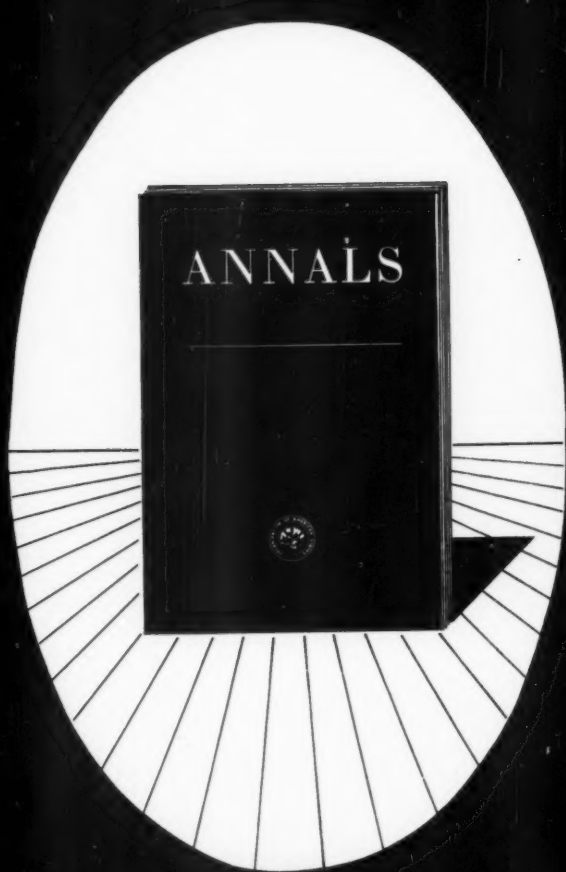
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Inside back cover Esteban A. de Varona





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